

New York Garrison's Journal A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 318.

SAILING OUT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD,
Author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Have you any message, friend,
For your loved one's gone away
To the happy hills of Heaven,
Lying just across the bay?

I am going out at even-

On the waters wild and wide;

Yes, the bark sets sail for Heaven,

At the end of the world!

Am I not afraid, you ask?

Of the waters, deep and wide?

No! God keeps a beacon burning

Over on the Heaven side.

Al! the night fell ne'er so slowly

On an earthly day before!

Tell me! is the tide-wave breaking

Yet, upon the rocky shore?

Am I glad to go, you ask?

For the bark has filled your breast

How your pulses thrill with gladness

When you think of coming rest!

I am tired of earthly sorrows,

And I think on Heaven's sweet shore;

There will be no sad to-morrow,

But one glad day evermore!

See! the nightfall comes at last.

Soon will ebb the laggar tide,

And will the bark be drifting

Over waters reaching wide.

Do not weep that I must leave you,

Heaven is not so very far,

Did the angels of the sunset

Leave the golden gates ajar?

Ebbs the tide! The breezes blow

Seaward, and the sails are set!

I am drifting, drifting, drifting!

Friends, I will keep you in my heart!

When the moon breaks on our vision,

I shall cast an anchor down,

Safe at last in God's wide harbor,

Close by the Celestial Town,

The Masked Miner:

OR,
THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURG.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD."

CHAPTER I.

THE NIGHT WALK.

ONE! two! three! four! five! six! seven! came in mellow but half-muffled notes from a distant clock tower, down in the city.

The two men, crouched in the thick gloom under the black shadow of the old house, on the most unfrequented quarter of Boyd's Hill started as they heard the separate strokes coming up so distinctly on the thick, wet air of the evening.

"Ha! seven o'clock, Teddy, and it's time we were off!" said one of the men. "The boss is punctual, you know, and we mustn't disappoint him. S'pose we go?"

"All right, and we had better be in a hurry. Step out, Launce, and look around; we must see if the coast is clear. We mustn't call attention to our old rat-trap here," pointing to the dilapidated frame-house that reared itself spectrally in the fast-setting darkness.

The man called Launce strode away cautiously in the gloom, and reaching a small knoll, the very eminence of the lofty hill, peered around him in every direction. His scrutiny was rapid, but it was searching. He saw nothing. Not a living soul was stirring on the desolate heights, save themselves, on that dismal evening.

With a low, satisfied chuckle, he hastily returned to his companion, who still stood under the shadow of the old house.

"Nobody is watching us to-night, Teddy, that's certain, and why? Because no one need be out to-night, except such poor devils as you and me!"

The man, rough, grimy and coarse as he was, spoke bitterly—it may be feelingly. For a moment his companion was silent, but then, looking up suddenly, he said:

"Yes, yes, you're right, Launce; we are the only ones who need be out; God knows! and yet I sometimes wonder—if indeed there is a God—that he would look on and see poor men suffer. Well, well; we seldom see daylight, and when we do, even then our time isn't our own." There was a pause again.

"Well, Teddy, it don't matter; so let it be. Everybody has his or her place, and we have our! But, did you forget it, Teddy? There are others out this nasty night, if there's any truth in man's word. The boss, you know; and his business! Our part in that business, too, eh, Teddy?"

"Yes, I haven't forgot it, depend upon it, for there's money in the work, and money buys bread, and—well, you know it, bread feeds children, and we must do it! Bad luck to the day that put us in his power!" and the man snote his clenched hands together.

"And, Teddy, even then, on that day, we were working for our children; why did he not send us to jail, and be done with it?"

"He uses us better, Launce! As we are in the world, let us wade it through, through, I tell you a day of reckoning may yet come!"

"God grant it!"

At that moment a single sounding stroke from the distant clock-bell smote softly, yet distinctly on their ears.

"Come, Teddy; we forget ourselves; that's



There, in deathly array, lay a bleached skeleton.

a quarter past seven, and we must be gone, or it will be too late. See how dark it is now, and it's more than a step from here to Mount Washington road."

"We'll go," replied his companion, buttoning his coat tightly around his throat; "but I'll tell you, Launce Ringwood, this job is the dirtiest of all, and I don't like it, that's all."

Quietly, and with cat-like steps, despite the solitude of the locality, the men emerged from the shadows of the old house into the heavy gloom of the surrounding darkness. Without hesitating they entered a small path leading directly along the edge of the dizzy cliff, which hung directly over the darkly flowing Monongahela. They threw not their gaze over the intervening river to the suburbs of Birmingham, whose thousands of throats of licking flame and fire shone weirdly on the night, but, with heads bent down, they pursued their way swiftly, and as if thoroughly acquainted with every inch of the ground along the narrow path skirting the frightful ledge. For ten minutes they walked thus, then paused for a moment, and looked around them.

"Can't you trust your feet to the steps, down the hill, Teddy?" asked the one called Launce.

"I had rather not to-night. 'Tis a bad place in the daytime, and though it saves the matter of a mile, yet that's a nasty fall of two hundred feet, Launce, and the steps are slippery."

"My notion, too. We'll go down through the town; 'tis safe and no risk. Come."

The speaker, followed closely by his tall, sturdy companion, turned off at right angles as he spoke, and, crossing the summit of the hill, struck into Stephenson street—at all times lonesome and uninviting, but now doubly dismal, soundless and dreary.

The men had not noticed a figure that had hung on their steps from the moment they had left the old house. That figure, keeping back a convenient distance, had steadily but swiftly followed along the dizzy path; and, when they paused to consult about descending the "steps," the "shadow" had paused too. And, as before, when they strode over the hill, he was again quickly on their track.

"Strange, strange!" this spy muttered. "Did chance bring me, in my wretchedness, to the solitude of this spot for any good purpose? Nay, can I be instrumental in doing any thing good under any circumstances? Has not heaven shut out its light from me, so that not a ray of hope can shin through the ominous clouds that envelope me? We'll see; we'll see! Those voices are strangely familiar to me! Is there some villainy afoot? I'll follow them, come what may. Whew! how chilly the noxious wet wind! that searches through you!" He drew his coarse coat up around his ears, and grasping more firmly his stout cane, he likewise entered Stephenson street, and trod cautiously on behind the two night-walkers.

The men in advance took their way down the deserted street, their pace increasing moment by moment, as if they desired to make up for lost time. At length they turned from that street into Bedford avenue, and continued on down, toward the heart of the city. Five minutes afterward, and they appeared in the civilized portion of the city—on Fifth avenue, on which thoroughfare, despite the now unpropitious evening, were many persons, shivering along

in the smoky gloom. The light from the shop windows shone murkily, and a kind of unearthly, spectral glamour hung over the half-light street. The lamps were only burning on one side of the avenue, and this side was speedily shunned by the two rough-looking men. They seemed to court the shade, as they hurried forward, looking neither to the right nor left. At length they turned abruptly into Smithfield street, and in this thoroughfare, as in the last, they took the shady side. The solitary walker, who hung behind them, did the same.

They came in sight the two lamps standing at the entrance of the bridge over the black Monongahela. The lights were flaring wildly about in the raw wind that swept along the open levee. The men paused, and glanced up and down the dark length of Water street. They were now compelled to go beneath a light, so they boldly strode by, deposited their toll, and passed on.

They were under the light but a moment, but that moment was sufficient to reveal them as two tall, brawny, rough-looking, sooty and begrimed men, wearing the underground dress of miners.

Another moment, and he who followed them stood under the flashing lamplight, settling his toll, and he, too, was clad in the rough garb of a miner. Receiving his pennies in change, he strode along after the others over the bridge.

CHAPTER II.

A NOVEMBER DRIZZLE.

It was, indeed, a disagreeable night which glowered down over the smoke-clad city of Pittsburgh. The murky lamplights now steady and dull—now flaring and flickering, as the heavy gusts occasionally tore through the half-deserted streets, and forced their wet breath through the cracking crevices of the glass—burnt with a half-yellow glare, each separate lamp-top covered by a halo of churchyard white.

It was a genuine November night, and genuine November weather in 1859. All day long, from early dawn, the cold, almost icy drizzle had come down. About four o'clock in the afternoon a rift had appeared in the leaden clouds; a gleam of half-splendid sunshine had shot down, and immediately rainbows were belting, in beautiful arches, the dismal city in all directions.

At the moment when it seemed as if a more auspicious hour was breaking over the place, a handsome open buggy, drawn by two spirited bays, and driven by a young gentleman, evidently of wealth and fashion, spun across the Suspension bridge, then up Federal street, and turning suddenly into Stockton avenue, drew up in front of the residence of Richard Harley, Esq.—ex iron-merchant and millionaire—now the richest man in Alleghany City; his mansion, too, as he prided himself, the lordliest and grandest in that aristocratic suburb of Pittsburgh.

With the skill of an experienced driver he brought his horses up to the curb, uttering a half-exclamation of triumph at his dexterity, and a word of encouragement to his beautiful steeds; then flung the silken reins over the dash-board, and sprung lightly to the walk.

A pair of eyes were watching him from a lordly mansion, for Grace Harley, the only

daughter and child of the rich man, stood behind the heavy silken curtains gazing through the French-plate pane, at the driver and his equipage. But there was no welcoming light in Grace Harley's hazel orbs—no warming tinge on the smooth cheek, to tell that the heart was pulsing its rich currents for him who stood outside. Rather, that it was a half-baleful glare—a vindictive fire, streamered out of the dark brown eyes; rather, too, that the warm blood flowed away from the rounded cheek. Certainly, as she turned, half-pettishly from the window, an exclamation of mingled impatience and disdain burst from the coral lips of Grace Harley. Mr. Somerville evidently was not a welcome guest.

As she spoke, tall form darkened the door, and the stately, aristocratic, moneyed Mr. Harley entered the room.

"Ah! Grace, what is it—what is it?" he exclaimed; for, as he was near the parlor door, he had heard her half-uttered exclamation.

"Why, papa—why, nothing much," stammered Grace, reddening.

"Nothing much, eh! and yet there is something," said her father, kindly, but positively.

"Well, papa, if you must have it, Mr. Somerville is here again, and on such a dreadful day!"

"Mr. Somerville? He certainly won't hurt you, Grace; he is an excellent young man—worthy of any maiden's regard. And, as for the day, why it has cleared off beautifully, and for a rarity, we have the sun again. See!"

and the father pointed through the curtains at the broad, rich flash of sunlight, which just then entered the room and covered the rich, velvet carpet with its golden glimmer.

"Yes, papa, all true," said Grace, half-dreamily, "but I can't bear Mr. Somerville. I think he is hateful!"

"Grace, Grace, you speak wildly," answered the father, sternly. "Mr. Somerville is the son of my best friend, now deceased; he is a well-educated young man, and, in a word, I like him; he is already rich, and—"

"And, papa—forgive me—that covers all, in your eyes—nay, forgive me, papa, but I know it!"

A round distorted the forehead of the old ex-merchant; he clenched his hands violently.

A hot answer leaped to his lips, but he crushed it back.

Grace cowered not, but patted the carpet with her silpered foot.

"You do me wrong, Grace," at length spoke the father, calmly, as if by an effort; "but let me tell you, daughter, that I fear the memory of that rascal—that minion whom I nurtured—who stole your heart—"

"Sh! sh! papa, I implore you! Speak not of him thus, for—but Mr. Somerville comes."

Steps sounded on the gravelled walk without; then in the porch; then the bell jingled loudly, as if rung by a hand that was not afraid to pull it.

In a moment the visitor was admitted and shown into the parlor. Mr. Harley was striding, consequently, up and down the limits of the elegant apartment, but Grace had shrunk away into a large arm-chair, in a corner of the room, where the shade was greater.

Mr. Somerville was a tall and rather spare man of about twenty-eight. His head was

small—too small for one of his stature—and covered with a mass of close-cut black hair. A thin, rather cadaverous face, with an aquiline nose, heavy, protruding lips, the upper shaded by a thick, scrubby mustache, and a small, retreating chin closely shaven, as were his lantern cheeks, did not make a very pleasing countenance, or one calculated to fascinate the susceptibilities of the other sex. But, perhaps, what Somerville failed in, in one respect, he made up in another! Perhaps for homeliness of features, his rich and elegant apparel compensated! His overcoat, of costliest fabric, was thrown open, disclosing the garments he wore beneath to be made of the finest material and latest mode. The boots he wore, and the soft silk hat which he crushed negligently between his large palms—for his hands were, as were his feet, disproportionately large—showed likewise that he commanded money. The large stones sparkling in his spotless shirt front—and the magnificent cluster that twinkled on the little finger of his left hand, which unlike its fellow—which carried an ivory-handled whip—was ungloved—were the proofs—indeed they were needed—that Somerville kept a bank account, and that his drafts were honored. But there was something about the half-blush, half-gray eyes of the young man that struck a chill into your vitals, for if there is any truth in eyes, Somerville's told of treachery or deceit, it was hard to decide which.

The young man shook hands cordially with the old ex-merchant, and noticing him no further, turned a scrutinizing look around the room.

"Ah! Miss Grace, you are there, are you?" and walking up to where the maiden sat, he bowed obsequiously low.

Grace Harley shuddered, as the man approached, and she endeavored to put aside, or not to see, his proffered hand. She could do neither, for, in an instant, his cold, limp, half-wet hand, now hastily ungloved, was thrust into her own warm, velvety, shrinking palm.

"I have called, Miss Grace, with my open buggy and bays, to remind you of a promise to accompany me to the new drive, back of Mount Washington. We have two hours yet,

but the dull, heavy echo within—sounding supernaturally loud—alone came back.

"All's well—all's well!" he muttered. "They know me well, and they'll come on the minute. What! so late?" as a far-off clock sounded on the night air. "Well, well, they must be near now, and I'll hurry in and look at that keepsake—my 'Dead Secret' which like a fool, I have not yet buried from sight. I'll look at it! It nerves me to my work, begun with it! It and my friend here?"—drawing a brandy-flask from his side coat-pocket, "will nerve me up to what yet is to be done!" and said he drank a deep, full draught. And then he thrust back the flask. For a moment he reeled under the nery potion, and then again he stood erect.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, low yet fearlessly to himself, "that is the priceless potion—the elixir of strength—of high courage—nay, of life itself! Now, I am strong, and now I'll enter." Using the key drawn from his overcoat pocket, he hung back the bolt and entered the house. All was darkness and gloom within; but suddenly, a light burst forth, as if by magic, and in a moment the room was aglow with almost supernatural brilliancy. The light came from a massive chandelier, glittering with pendants and beavy with cut-glass globes hanging from the center of the ceiling. It was evident that the many lights had been burning low, and that the man had suddenly turned them on.

A singular scene of richness and beauty was revealed. The room of this dilapidated, rickety old shell—as it appeared to be from the outside—was fitted up with all the splendor of an aristocratic parlor. Sofas of richest velvet, chairs of rare value—laid tables of cunning workmanship, fairly crowded the limited space of the apartment. A heavy carpet of costliest manufacture covered the floor, and paintings, in richly gilded, massive frames, hung upon the velvet-papered walls.

The man, half-reeling, glanced above him and then staggered back and sunk on one of the sumptuous sets: "Ha! ha!" he exclaimed, "this is my cabin! all mine—and ye gods! the joyous hours that have been mine here, and—but, I forgot," he exclaimed, as he quickly arose, and reeling across the room, suddenly rolled down a heavy curtain before the door, thus cutting off all possibility of a tell-tale ray of light penetrating beyond. There was no window, whatever, to the room!

"Tis best to be cautious," he said; "it would not do for curiosity-seekers to be drawn here by a straggling light. It's all right now." He retired to his seat, and, for a moment, bowed his head to his hands.

The brilliant light from the chandelier shone on an unusually tall and spare man, whose person was wrapped in a heavy overcoat, reaching almost to his feet; his face was almost wholly concealed by a mass of long, black, curling whiskers. Over his brow was drawn a broad brimmed, slouched hat. His appearance and his attire certainly were not in keeping with the almost marvelous richness of the chamber; and yet, he had called this place his "ca' in."

At length he raised his head; it was reeling to and fro.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I took too much of that draught—and I'm not steady enough. But, it will do, and I can drive it away. Ah! my old friends! you that have passed hours of mad revelry with me, in this noble old chamber—where are you now? Some are walking, as of old, the broad avenues of sin—Sin? Nonsense! There is no such thing as sin as long as money lasts! No, no! The world is a cesspool of sin; it is above, around, beneath us. It is everywhere, and will ever be. But my good friends: some are enjoying themselves—yes, that's better. Others have grown straight-faced, and gone back on themselves, the fools! and others are in the churchyard, under the wet grass and the damp, heavy clay! ouch!"

For several moments he sat still, changing not his position, nor saying a word. The wind still sighed and sung dolefully around the old house, and the drear November air crept through the crevices of the door, and swayed the heavy curtains hanging there gently to and fro. The man drew his thick coat more closely around him, and shivered as he felt the searching breeze creeping through, and as he noticed the almost supernatural lifting of the curtain, by the door.

"Cold—cold! and yet not so cold as some who are under the wet grass to-night! No, no! but nonsense! Away with such feelings! I must think of other matters.

"What a good thing for me that I saw that little affair that raw evening, away down deep in the mine—nothing though it was, in itself, yet enough to send my good friends to jail: my noble workmen! Ha! ha! poor fools! and they are mine, to the death. They must do this work for me. I've sworn I would triumph, and triumph I shall! She shall be mine, by some or other means. Ye gods! what mad dreams of love! Love? yes, and love of gold too, have floated over my brain, waking and sleeping, as I have thought of her. And she, so cold, so imperious, so repelling, yet so lovely, so entrancing!

"Does she love that low-born adventurer yet? It must be. And strange fancies I am impressed with. I have lately seen a face familiar, wondrously similar to his!

"That for her love for him. All I wish is her hand and her gold, and this move must bring it. The fellows are late," he exclaimed, glancing at a richly-mounted clock on the mantel-piece, the hands of which pointed to one o'clock, "and yet they have never failed me, and they cannot fail me now. They dare not! Have I committed myself to them? Am I the least in their power? No! And, if I am, money could buy me clear. I am safe!"

"Now I will look at my guest—my skeleton in the closet—ha, ha! to remind me of him who came between me and the girl I loved—loved!"

He staggered to his feet, and half lowered the light. Then he paused, and approaching the door, listened intently. But, as before, no sound was heard, save the moan of the wind over the bleak hill.

The man stepped back at once, and going to the further wall of the house, reached up and struck on a particular spot, a sharp blow. There was no response. He struck again, and yet there was no response.

"Confound it!" he muttered, as he drew a chair close to the wall. Springing upon it he put both hands on the wall and pressed.

Instantly a heavy section of it slowly started, and commenced to descend, the motion being accompanied by a sad kind of creaking as of rusted pulleys and chains.

The man stepped back and drew away the chair, and folding his arms closely and determinedly across his chest, gazed at the descending wall. Slowly it sunk, until a long black box appeared in view, and in it, in deathly array, lay a bleached skeleton.

At that moment a low, cautious whistle sounded without. Placing his hands again on the sinking section of the wall, by one determined effort, the man raised it to its place, where it fitted so nicely that no eye could detect it.

Drawing a pistol, and placing it in convenient reach, he approached near the door, answered the whistle, and then drew back the bolt. Instantly the door was opened and two large men entered. Then the door closed again.

It was nearly day when three persons left the house and bent their way toward the city. And then, from the gloom, not fifty yards away, another figure slowly raised itself and followed on leisurely toward the inhabited portion of the sleeping town.

(To be continued.)

REST.

BY "TRIX."

Oh! spirit of rest, come o'er me,
And fold thy white wings round,
Neath care which now surround.
Bear away on thy stainless white wings,
This load of deep unrest,
Wild and fierce it came like the whirlwind.
My power of strength to test.
The sands 'neath my feet are slipping
Slowly, but surely away;
The sands the hourlass dripping
With life-blood, day by day.

Oh, blessed spirit, come nearer,
And shed thy light for me,
And in its holy radiance
In faith, from sin, I'll flee.
My earthly chain has been broken,
Its links are scattered afar,
But a hope gleams in the future
Like a bright, unfading star.
Its silvery radiance seeming,
Against the deep blue sky,
Like a radiant fire, shining
To him who reigns on high.
And low before His footstool
I prostrate, spirit of rest,
To fold thy white wings round me,
And give me thy sweet rest.
That my weary head may rest there
In love and perfect trust,
For the chain binding me that to new life
Will neither break nor rust.

Kansas King:

THE RED RIGHT HAND.

BY BUFFALO BILL (HON. WM. F. CODY),
AUTHOR OF "DEADLY EYE, THE UNKNOWN SCOUT," "THE PRAIRIE ROVER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

KANSAS KING, THE OUTLAW.

PEARL, the fair maiden whose home was the humble cabin in the hills, was strangely moody after her meeting with the Scout in the gorge, and her duties were attended to in silence, her thoughts seeming far away.

Some irresistible attraction drew her toward Red-Hand—what, she could not explain, and she felt that for him she would willingly lay down her life.

Was it love that was stealing over her young and untutored heart—or was it the magnetism of a kindred spirit that drew her toward the Scout and caused her to keep him ever in her thoughts?

Though a comparative child in years, and for years the resident of a mountain hut, with only an old man, the only one of her own race who ever ran in those mountain wilds, Pearl was yet possessed of a most intelligent mind, and having been diligently taught by her father, and having around her various books, she had become educated, as it was, to a far better degree than was common with frontier maidens.

Often would her thoughts take a backward flight—to a time when she lived in a far different world, and where companions of her own age were around her; but, between that time and the present, a shadow had come, and years had blotted out much that she would have remembered.

Then again, she would long to see the world she read of in books, and sigh and weep that she was an exile from all that made life worth living for.

The saving of her life by Red-Hand put new ideas into her head, and daily she became more dissatisfied with her lot.

Yet her life at the cabin seemed changing, for constantly were Indian runners arriving and departing, after holding interviews with her father, and twice a day was White Slayer wont to come to the hut, and always seek her society.

Toward the young and handsome chief Pearl had a kindly feeling, for he had once saved her life from a grizzly bear, and the idea of loving him, a red-skin, never entered her mind, and she was determined she would never enter his wigwam as his wife, notwithstanding her father had told her she should do so.

From the conversation had between White Slayer and the old hermit, Pearl soon discovered that there were two bands of whites in the Black Hills, and that the Indians were laying their plans to massacre the whole party.

The thought sent a cold chill to the heart of the maiden, and she at once determined to frustrate their designs.

Going through the cave one morning, after White Slayer and the hermit had gone out together, Pearl soon reached a situation from whence she could obtain a fine view of the Indian village, and with surprise she noted that there were numbers of warriors in the camp, whom she knew had been off for weeks on a southern trail, and hunting on the prairies.

A closer inspection also showed her that a perfect chain of Indian sentinels extended around the village, stationed upon the highest peaks of the surrounding hills; and, walking toward the council lodge on the river were her father and White Slayer, while a large body of the principal braves were gathered there to meet them.

"All this means mischief. Yes, I know my father has set the Indians up to this work of devilment, for he has sworn not to spare a pale-face who enters these hills.

"But they shall not be caught asleep—oh, no—he saved my life, and I will save his.

"But I must act soon, for the work of death will not be long delayed."

Thus muttering to herself the maiden retraced her way through the cave and entering the cabin took her rifle and equipments from the rack over her cot.

"Valleolo, tell my father I will be back ere the sun kisses the western hills," she said to the Indian woman who aided her in the house-work, and who answered quietly:

"There is danger in the forest and the valley—let the Pearl of the Hills hear the words of Valleolo and remain at the wigwam."

"There is no danger I fear to meet, Valleolo. I will be back at sunset."

So saying Pearl threw her rifle across her shoulder and rapidly descended the mountain side toward the bottom of the gorge, or valley, which divided the hill in twain.

Hardly had she gone half a mile down the glen, pondering in her own mind how she was to make her news known to the whites, and not compromise her father and lead him into danger, for he was ever kind to her, when swiftly walking along with downcast eyes, she was suddenly startled by a shadow falling across her path, and glancing up quickly she brought her rifle to a ready, for before her stood the form of a man.

"Their course is well-nigh run; a few more suns and their scalps will hang at the girdle of my young warriors," said the hermit.

"You think so; but, old man, those men will not be taken so easily, and if you take against them every warrior in your tribe, you will find it a hard fight to destroy them."

"Now, listen to me: one of these bands are fortified in a position that it is hard to drive them from, and that place I need for my stronghold; but I wish to be on friendly terms with you and your red-skins, and am willing to divide profits with you, White Slayer and his warriors, after each one of my raids upon the settlements."

"With my band in the Black Hills, and suffered to be friendly with White Slayer and his half a thousand warriors, no man will be fool enough to attempt to come here to settle, and there are not sufficient troops on the border to attempt to follow me here, when they know they have two forces to fight."

"You speak truly, young man."

"Of course I do, chief, and my plan is to take the miners' fort, down the glen, and there establish myself at once. The booty and the scalps may all go to you and your red-skins, and then I will attack and carry Ramsey's camp, and again the spoils go to you, except three persons."

"And these are—"

"Captain Ramsey, his son and daughter; then I claim."

"And you wish me to aid you in taking these two points?"

"Yes; but whether you do or not, I shall carry them," said the outlaw, with determination.

"Where are you now encamped?"

"Some twenty miles from here, in the lower hills."

"How many men have you with you?"

"About a hundred."

"Divide that by 2, chief, and you'll be nearer right," said Gray Chief, with a sneer.

"You attempt to drive us from these hills, and you'll think us double the number I named."

"No threats, boy, for I do not like to hear them."

"One hears many things not pleasant, chief; but we must not quarrel. Will you become my ally?"

"That I must think over; to-morrow at this hour meet me here, and you shall know whether you can remain in these hills, or must leave."

"No treachery, mind you, old man!"

"I am no snake in the grass, boy; to-morrow, at this time, remember, and I will to-night hold council with White Slayer and his chiefs."

The outlaw bowed, kissed his hand gallantly to Pearl, sprung into his saddle and dashed down the glen, while the hermit and White Slayer turned and walked up the gorge, leaving the maiden standing in the spot where the meeting had taken place.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE OUTLAW'S LITTLE GAME.

WITHOUT the quiver of a muscle Kansas King gazed upon the maiden who so threateningly held him at disadvantage, and his voice was unmoved as he asked:

"Why do you name thus offend you, fair girl?"

"You are a vile murderer, it is said, and have laid waste the homes of your own people and the villages of the red-men in wanton destruction; you are a white robber, sir," and Pearl's eyes flashed fire, for often had the Indian runners brought news to her father of the ruthless acts of Kansas King and his band.

"You paint my character in harsh tones, fair girl; but, again I say, I mean you no harm, but come here to see an old hermit, one who dwelt for years in the Black Hills, and is a Medicine Man or Chief of the Sioux under White Slayer.

"Do you know aught of such a man, for I take it you are some waif of an Indian camp?"

Pearl half lowered her rifle and said:

"If you refer to that is known as Gray Chief, he is my father."

"Your father? Then, indeed, he is a fortunate man. Were I the kin of one so lovely I would indeed be happy."

Pearl made no reply, for compliments she was unused to, and Kansas King continued:

"Will you guide me to your father, for I would speak with him upon a matter of interest to both of us?"

Without reply Pearl drew a small revolver from her belt and fired it three times in rapid succession, the ringing reports rattling like a volley of musketry along the canon.

"Ha! would you call aid?" cried Kansas King, quickly, and his dark eyes flashed fire.

"I have simply called my father; he will soon be here, sir."

Still maintaining her position of defense, Pearl replied to the questions addressed her by the outlaw chief, as best suited her, until the sound of running feet was heard, and the next moment up dashed the hermit and White Slayer, their rifles ready in hand.

At the sight of Kansas King the two halted, and seeing that their action was hostile, the outlaw cried, speaking in the Sioux tongue:

"Hold, chieft! I sought you here, and this maiden was kind enough to call you to me."

"Who are you?" cried the old hermit, in English, his eyes glaring savagely upon the young chief, who answered bitterly:

"I am an outlaw; one branded with a curse; men call me Kansas King!"

"Ha! you are the outlaw chief, then? What brings you here into these hills?"

"Mutual interest to you and to me."

"I do not understand you."

"I will explain; I am an outlaw, and you are perhaps worse, for you dare not show your face among your fellow men—"

"By the Heaven above, but you are bold to thus address me," cried Gray Chief, furiously.

"My

He had plenty of time before him. And Jocko reared, and growled, and chattered, intimating his desire to get at him in a very unpleasant manner.

But Ben Gummy kept his seat, merely saying:

"You waitee—me fixee you—bimeby—presentee!"

And so an hour or more passed away.

The moon rose and shed a silvery radiance down through the glass skylight, making all objects plainly visible.

"Aha!" cried Ben Gummy, "dat is goot!"

The ape appeared to be of the same opinion, Ben Gummy's quiescent state had made him tolerably quiet himself, but this flood of light set him on the rampage again.

He bounded forward to the full extent of his chain, tugging at it fiercely; then he would rear up on his hind legs or arms (naturalists tell us these animals are quadruped, not quadruped, and gnash their teeth, and then go over sprawling on his back, pulled over by his chain. And then he would back toward Ben Gummy stern foremost, and shake his stub of a tail at him in a highly aggressive manner.

Ben Gummy took out his club, concealing it behind him, and crept stealthily toward Jocko, and while he was performing this stern maneuver he gave him a resounding blow.

The ape turned tail like a flash and retreated against the wall to the place where his chain was fastened.

"How you like dat, hey?" inquired Ben Gummy, triumphantly.

The big monkey did not like it, his actions showed that plainly. He growled ferociously, and gnashed his teeth in a diabolical fashion. In fact, Jocko was in a fearful state of rage, and he made up his mind to tear Ben Gummy into infinitesimal shreds—if he could only get his paws on him. Yet at the same time he availed a degree of caution in making another spring.

Probably he was waiting for Ben Gummy to come within the limit of his chain.

Ben Gummy, however, was equally cautious, though somewhat elated by the success of his first attack.

"I've put a tail on him," he said; "but I must not forget de head."

Fergus' advice was having good results. Ben Gummy stood erect, and holding his club prepared advanced boldly toward Jocko. The moonbeams still poured brightly down into the attic, and they surrounded Jocko with a silvery halo, which rendered his natural ugliness all the more conspicuous.

"Ohe! you bigge brute!" cried Ben Gummy.

Jocko accepted the challenge and dashed ferociously at the boy; but Ben Gummy had foreseen this, and he stepped nimbly back, giving him a rap on the right paw, which disabled that member for the time, and caused Jocko to howl with rage and pain.

"How high was that?" cried Ben, exultingly.

Jocko made furious attempts to get at him, gnashing his teeth in the most ferocious manner, but the stout chain withstood all his efforts.

Keeping out of his reach, and watching his opportunity, Ben Gummy got another good blow at him, and disabled his left paw.

Jocko retreated back to the wall howling dismally. He was almost beside himself with rage and pain.

Ben Gummy watched him narrowly, keeping at a safe distance.

"I've yet to put de head on him," he said.

"Ah—ah! you scratch mee—you give mee bigge fleas—bite mee—how you like to have your nosee brokee, eh, eh?"

Jocko made a movement against the wall which seemed to indicate a desire upon his part to find some hole large enough for him to crawl into. While he was thus engaged Ben Gummy made a dash at him and administered a smart blow on his hind quarters, and then dodged swiftly back again.

It was well he did so, for Jocko was after him the moment he received the blow, raging more furiously than ever, and tugging fiercely at his chain.

Ben Gummy faced him and tapped him thrice on the nose with his club. The third tap sent Jocko down on all fours, and he crawled back to the wall, howling piteously. Ben Gummy gave him a parting blow on the back as he retreated, and then danced back out of the way.

The little Italian boy was greatly elated by his success.

"Begar! I've put de head onto him—ver' mooco—good! Ohe! you ugly brute! I'll bustee you so zat you'll sall never no more bitee mee!"

He dared Jocko to another attack, but that intelligent ape was satisfied that he had had enough of it. Finding that Jocko would not again attack him, Ben Gummy began to force the fighting.

The moonlighted attic presented a scene as ludicrous as the mind can conceive. The monkey crouched against the sloping wall, howling dismally, and Ben Gummy would dance up to him, give him a blow, and dance back again, laughing shrilly every time that Jocko gave a yell of pain.

There was something elish in the boy's antics; and Jocko found him indeed a tormenting friend.

There is a limit to human endurance, and brute natures are not stronger. Jocko began to find his punishment more than he could put up with. There was not a part of his carcass now that had not been visited by Ben Gummy's club. His body smarted as if it had been stuck with a thousand pins.

Despair is a strong agent, and Jocko was desperate, for it appeared to him that Ben Gummy would never weary of this ceaseless flagellation, and desperation gave him a strength that rage had failed to supply; with a fierce wrench he tore the screw-eye from the floor, for it had been loosened by his previous struggles.

He was free.

Ben Gummy retreated to his corner and stood on the defensive. Jocko loose and Jocko chained were two different affairs. The contest assumed a new and serious aspect. The boy's heart began to beat painfully. Jocko might prove too powerful an antagonist under this change of position. But he never flinched. He grasped his club resolutely and prepared for the worst.

"Ohe! we've got away!" he cried. "He vill putee a headee on me now, if I do not mindee ver' mooch—ah, ah!"

Jocko, however, had no thought of attacking the boy; his only thought appeared to be to get out of the place where he had been so severely punished, and the moment he found himself free he bounded to the step-ladder leading to the roof, and clambered hurriedly up it.

This movement amazed Ben Gummy.

"Ohe! he is run awav!" he cried. "Come a you back—ohee; de padrone he killa mee if de monkee be lost!"

This was a dilemma that Ben Gummy had

never thought of when he was so delightedly castigating the ape.

"Come a you back!" he shouted, authoritatively. "Come back!"

Jocko never heeded this command, but persisted in his attempt to get out on the roof in the most expeditious manner possible.

He threw back the glass skylight in order to make his egress, and the broken glass rattled upon the roof as it was thrown violently back.

Jocko disappeared through the aperture. Ben Gummy dropped his club in dismay, and rushed to the steps; he saw the chain gliding up, something after the manner of a snake, and rattling as it went. Ben Gummy grasped at it, secured it, and clutched it with both hands.

He gave it a vigorous tug; an angry squeal answered it, and the body of Jocko appeared over the scuttle-way.

"Ah—ah! I've gotten you!" cried Ben Gummy, triumphantly.

But his exultation was premature. Jocko was by no means disposed to yield. He clutched the frame of the scuttle with all four of his hands and Ben Gummy soon found that he could not budge him an inch.

He tugged and tugged until the perspiration streamed from every pore in his body, and then he was obliged to relinquish his efforts from sheer fatigue.

"One!" he cried, despairingly, "I sall never gettee him down—nevar—nevar!"

During Ben Gummy's exertions Jocko held fast to his perch and grinned down at the perspiring boy, showing his teeth in a very suggestive manner, but the moment Ben Gummy desisted from his efforts, he began to crawl out from the scuttle.

Breathless and panting, and clinging desperately to the chain, Ben Gummy found himself dragged slowly up the ladder. Step by step, up he went, making occasional pauses by bracing his knees and feet in every convenient obstacle.

Jocko's strength was the superior, and Ben Gummy found his head on a level with the roof; then it occurred to him, for the first time, to call for assistance, and he began to shout for help.

He shouted, and Jocko chattered, and between them they made considerable uproar. Jocko got astride of the ridge of the roof, and Ben Gummy braced himself in the scuttle-way. Matters had reached a crisis. Ben Gummy must relinquish his hold or be drawn out on the sloping roof, running the risk of being precipitated from thence and dashed to pieces upon the sidewalk beneath.

Ben Gummy's short black hair bristled up in wiry straightness at the situation. If he let the monkey go he felt sure the padrone would kill him, and if he did not let him go he would be dragged to sure destruction. It was a trying moment.

"Come you back, Jocko!" he cried, coaxingly; but Jocko knowing he had the best of it would not be persuaded.

He uttered shrill cries and tugged violently at the chain.

At the moment that Ben Gummy, finding himself going out at the scuttle, felt that he must let go his hold or perish, aid came to him suddenly and most unexpectedly.

A man's head appeared from the south of the adjoining house, and a rough voice exclaimed:

"How in thunder do you think a man can sleep when you are making such an infernal racket?"

Then he discovered one of the causes of the uproar.

"Aha! it's one of those cursed Italians blasted monkeys," he continued. "I'll fix you, you beast!"

He disappeared, but he quickly returned, and the sharp reports of a revolver, as he opened fire upon Jocko, explained the cause of his disappearance.

"Here!" he answered.

"Good boy! you're the ticket, every time. Give me your hand. Now then!"

Fergus extended his hand to Jackson, who slid his hand down his arm and gripped him by the shoulder, and then lifted him with ease into the boat, saying:

"There you are, my hearty!"

"Thank you," replied Fergus.

"You're welcome. Didn't tell you I'd do it?"

"You did—and you have," rejoined Fergus, laughing.

Mr. John Jackson joined him with a grim kind of a chuckle.

"When I say I'll do a thing, you can just bet your bottom dollar it's got to come. Socco never went back on his word yet!"

"Who's Socco?" inquired Fergus, bewildered by this allusion.

Jackson chuckled again.

"That's me," he responded.

"I thought your name was Jackson?"

"So it is—t'other's a pet name that my friends have given me—John Jackson, alias Socco. See?"

A deep drawn sigh came from the stern of the boat, and Fergus, turning, became conscious that there was another person in the boat, for he could dimly see a human form in the stern.

"Hello! got a friend here?" he cried, with his usual bluntness.

"Yes, that's a particular friend of mine," answered Fergus—to give him his favorite name—with a chuckle; "I'll give you an introduction, but shake those prison dues first. Here's a suit of clothes I brought for you."

This consideration surprised Fergus. He could not account for the interest that Mr. John Jackson, alias Socco, took in his welfare.

"You are very kind!" he exclaimed.

"Oh! you'll pay me back some time," answered Fergus, with another chuckle. "I can put you up to a dodge where we can make lots of money."

Fergus thought he heard another sigh in the stern of the boat, but he was not sure of it. It was evident that it did not reach Fergus's ears for he continued his discourse.

"Shed those striped togs and pitch them overboard," he went on. "You won't have no further use for them, I reckon. Do you want a little light on the subject? I've got a lantern here."

"Won't they see it from the shore?"

"Not much—not the way we'll fix it. Turn on the gimb, Moll."

He believed that opportunity would soon be furnished him. He treasured in his memory the words whispered to him by the mysterious Mr. John Jackson, and at night he listened for the sound of the horn.

But the first night passed away and he did not hear it. He was greatly disappointed, for youth is always eager in its expectations.

He fancied that it must have sounded while he slept, for sleep had surprised him during his vigil notwithstanding his determination to remain awake throughout the night.

"I will be more wakeful to-night," he resolved, as the shades of the second evening began to fall.

"It's so warm to-night that I shan't lock

your door," the turnkey told him. "I guess you won't try to get away."

With this he winked at Fergus with his left eye in a very significant manner and retired. Fergus was not slow of apprehension. He had an idea that the horn would sound that night, and that the turnkey had been bribed to connive at his escape.

Darker grew the shades of night, and as the gloom gathered around him Fergus' impatience increased. He saw that there was no prospect of a moon, a circumstance favorable to his escape; so he thought:

"Mr. Jackson would be more likely to come on a dark night than when the moon shines."

He watched and listened, and about ten o'clock to his great delight he heard the horn sound.

It was far out upon the river, but the night breeze bore the sound to his listening ears—the concerted signal, three notes: toot—toot-toot.

"There he is!" exclaimed Fergus delightedly. "He's come for me. Now I'll just get out of this lively. Clever chap that turnkey is."

"See here, Ferg, my boy!" he cried. "Here's Mister Moll; take a good look at him!" And he chuckled pleasantly.

Fergus looked curiously at Socco's friend, and he was greatly surprised when he saw a slight figure, and a pale face, framed with dark hair, a pair of large eyes, which had a staring, mournful look, and eyebrows of such inky blackness that they seemed to have been painted upon the pale face, and not to have grown naturally.

"Why, he's only a boy!" exclaimed Fergus.

"He isn't a boy," returned Socco, who seemed to be enjoying a splendid joke.

"Isn't he?" rejoined Fergus, dubiously.

"He isn't a he, but a she!"

"A she?"

"It's my wife, Ferg—my wife, Mary, though I oftener call her Moll."

"Hold on, or I'll fire!" shouted the sentinel.

"I am holding on," replied Fergus, as he balanced himself on the iron spikes.

"Come back!"

Bang went the musket, but Fergus had dropped on the other side of the fence as the gun flashed and the bullet passed harmlessly over his head. He gathered himself up and ran swiftly toward the beach.

"I shall have to swim for it!" he thought, as he sped along at a rapid rate.

Toot—toot-toot, sounded the horn, out upon the bosom of the river, the sound coming strangely and mysteriously from the gloom that gathered like a pall over the face of the water.

The alarm was loudly sounded behind Fergus, but he paid no heed to it. He directed his course by the sound of the horn, reached the river's brink, cast off his prison shoes, and plunged boldly into the water.

When he thought he had got out of musket range of the shore, he paused, began to tread water, and looked back. He could see lanterns gleaming along the shore, and he knew that the keepers and guards were looking for him; but he had an idea it was more for form's sake, and to keep their record clear, than from any anxiety to recapture him.

"There they are, and here I am, and where's the boat?" he said.

Toot—toot-toot, sounded the horn, away to his left.

"There it is! I wonder if I can't bring it up to me?"

He put two fingers of his right hand in his mouth and produced that shrill whistle that boys so well understand; but in that gloom, and in that place, it sounded like the cry of some water bird.

The horn immediately

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Mrs. Landlade's Thoughts on Frauds.

SUGGESTED BY OLEOMARGARIN.

"So, here have I gone and bought oleomargarin, to give my boarders. Not that I meant to; deary me, not! I'd rather have gone without the stuff to fix over my best alpaca dress, than got swindled so; for whatever else my boarders may say, out o' my hearin', they can't say Betsy Landlade gives them poor butter to eat. I never could endure anything but good butter; and I've never made a point of havin' butter eatin' for my own mouth nor I give my boarders; like some women I know, who are gettin' rich on keepin' a boardin'-house, while I just manage to make both ends meet. And to think I should have gone and laid out my money on that cheat and fraud; and me so innocent, thinkin' it pure Orange county!"

"It all comes of believin' that rascally dealer. Didn't he say it was made from the 'richest lacteal fountains that flow in Orange county?' Lacteal fountains, indeed! Beef-fat and carrots! And it has to go on my table for a whole week, and Miss Aries just a movin' into the third-front, and she one of the fidgety kind. Well, well; who shall one believe, to be sure? Though catch me gettin' took in on such another fraud; for oleomargarin is a fraud so long as it's sold for butter. But, 'tisn't the only one in the world, after all. Here's the coffee; adulterated, of course, though I try to get good.

"Here, Ann, come and put the coffee away! Such a world! Cheatin' everywhere—from the sand and chiccory in the breakfast cups to the very smiles on people's faces. What was it I heard Mr. Parody sayin', at table, yesterday? 'For ways that are dark, and for tricks that are wan.'

This age is peculiar. Which the same I am free to maintain."

"Yes, it's very peculiar. Here can't I go to the store, to buy anything that I don't feel I'm gettin' an article mixed up with all manners of messes. No matter how easy it is to procure, and how cheaply it may be bought, if it's got to go through any process before it's ready for sale, don't the dealers ransack the elements to find something cheaper to adulterate it with?

"Then there are the marketmen. Just as if I don't know how the bottom of their baskelets are poked up, scandalously; and that all the fine fruit is on the top! And they do say that the merchants re-dye shabby laces, and trimmings, and all goods that have ceased to be a fashionable color, and sell them for new. And the mechanics, who manufacture our furniture and build our houses, practice all kinds of tricks for gettin' much money for mighty little work; to say nothing of the men who have the makin' of public works and things, and are constantly sacrificin' human life to their cheatin' cheapness and impostures."

"What did you say, Ann? Mrs. Aristocrat wants her dinner served in her room, today? Very well, I'll attend to it.

"Talkin' of frauds; there's that woman! She is what I call a case of Simon-pure adulteration; wholesales cheatin'! The way she goes on, is enough to surprise the angels in heaven. Orderin' her dinners served in her room, indeed; as if she had a gold mine to pay me from; and puttin' on as many airs as if she was John Jacob Astor's sole descendant, with all her trunks and finery! And the trunks all full of old paper and rags, and the finery all she owns to her name; with never a decent bit of clothes to her back, save what's been by any one with two eyes. And does she think she can impose on Betsey Landlade by two or three fair dresses, and enough airs to supply half the women in creation, and one month's board in advance? No, no! No dinner served up-stairs to her! She can eat with the rest of the boarders, this her seventh week and last; and the oleomargarin's quite good enough for her!"

"Ah, deary me! Between the people who cheat and the people who are cheats, there's little choice. Though, I do believe I think the last are the most despicable. There was Miss Farisee, who made her livin' as secretary of some religious society, and was always quotin' scripture, and rollin' up her eyes in holy horror at a joke, and talkin' about self-denial, and charity, and good works. She could go to meetin' in the very awfulst weather, but when poor Miss Gentel was sick, in the next room, her health wouldn't allow her to sit up with a neighbor for three hours of an evenin', and when

we was all givin' what we could to make up a purse for Miss Gentel, to send her home to the West, to recruit awhile, didn't Miss Farisee refuse a cent, sayin' she felt it her duty to refuse to encourage idleness? The cruel-hearted creature.

"And if there ever was a person that could rile me up completely it was that wicked wretch of a Mr. Cefish, 'my dearin' his wife, and 'my lovin'' his two little girls at the table, until it fairly made you feel qualmish; and he goin' out every blessed night to club or entertainment and lettin' Mrs. Cefish die by inches, never allowin' her a pleasure, and swearin' a blue streak at her if she asked for so much as a decent pair of slippers to wear down among the boarders. If he wasn't the wretchedest kind of a fraud, I never saw one.

"Here, Ann! Use that butter, that just came home, entirely for cookin'; and I'll go to the nearest grocery and get some other for dinner. No oleomargarin goes on my table as the pure article so long as Betsy Landlade advertised a good family boardin'-house."

"Though, to be sure, the stuff is quite all some people I know deserve. Only 'tisn't for me to become a cheat because other people are!"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

TWO ANSWERS.

ANNIE wants to know what I think of a girl who is continually running after a young man, who follows him about as a pet dog does its master or as if she were tied to him with a string and could not bear to have him out of her sight, to follow him so much as to cause persons to remark on her conduct.

Well, Annie, in the first place I must say I shouldn't think *anything* of her, for it seems to me no girl, who has the slightest idea of the proprieties, would so mistake her rights or her duty. To do so implies that she must be either love cracked, or a "little green," or somewhat deficient in brains. I think if she were a daughter or a sister of mine she would get a talkin' to that would last her a "month of Sundays." How any girl, with any sort of sense, can so lower her dignity, is a marvel to me.

As for the young man she follows. I pity him from the bottom of my heart and I should think he would become so thoroughly disgusted that he would tell her that her presence was disagreeable. If I were a man and any girl was to follow me about in that manner, I should be sickened so thoroughly that I'd never want to see the girl's face again.

It used to be the fashion for the girls to stay home and let the fellows come and see them, and act with some little maiden reserve, but now-a-days it seems different. I think the old fashion was the best, and certainly there were not so many forward girls as there are now. Why has this change come? Is this style what is called "The Girl of the Period?" Well, a period should be put to it—that is, a full stop. If this sort of thing goes on much longer it will not elevate society in any great degree. Let us be charitable enough, Annie, to suppose the girl in question lacks the required knowledge of what's right and what's wrong—that she knows no difference between maiden reserve and Tom-boy forwardness, and so we will dismiss her from the scene with as much pleasure as I would were she an acquaintance of mine, which I am very glad to say she is not.

Estella is worried in her mind to know what to do with herself as she often finds time hanging heavy on her hands and this time hanging so heavily makes her cross, snappish, morbid and morose. Estella is not the only one situated that way; there are hundreds of girls suffering from the same dire complaint. They are, like Estella, "cross, snappish, morbid and morose," and some of them do not know the cause of their being so. It is simple enough to me. It is because they do nothing rather than because they have nothing to do, for it seems to me there must be *something* for everyone to do in this great working world of ours. Idleness brings on many diseases, and makes one disagreeable to himself and to every one with whom he comes in contact.

Nothing to do! That's a most foolish way of talking. Were our faculties only given to have them rust? Were the days and weeks and months placed at our command only to be wasted? Search out others who have too much to do and take some of the burdens from their shoulders, and bear them yourselves. This seems to be a duty for us all to do, but it is a duty most sadly neglected. Our aid is certainly wanted somewhere. Somebody needs an encouraging word and a helping hand. You'll not have to take a long journey or make a great search to find this same one. The worker is happier than the drone; there is something to occupy his attention and divert his thoughts from running into gloomy channels, and when one is working for, and benefiting others, the labor is surely a pleasant one. The real workers never find time hanging heavy on their hands; they improve every moment and, when they are made of their talents, that account will be a favorable one.

I pity persons who sit with their hands in their lap and moan because they *think* they have nothing to do. Their lot must be a wretched one and their thoughts none of the pleasantest! I don't envy them their riches, or fine dresses, or brown-stone houses, I wouldn't change place with them if I could. I'd sooner have the toothache!

And so I answer Estella, and all those who are as badly off as she is, to turn over several new leaves, to give up moping, to cultivate a "helping" disposition, to find some work to do—and do it.

Spring Fashions for Men.

THERE is more than the usual variety this spring in the cut of gentlemen's garments. Fashionable city tailors seem to be breaking away from arbitrary rules, and are depending more than ever upon their own tastes and preferences. A complete description of the spring fashions for gentlemen would therefore include the fashion-plates of nearly all the leading tailors, but there are some points of style in which they all agree, and which will be followed by other tailors throughout the country as constituting the spring fashions for 1876.

The ordinary reception suit, worn at church and at all parties and social events where full dress is not required, consists this season of a double-breasted frock-coat, of fine diagonal cloth, either black or dark blue; a waistcoat of the same material or of white duck, and trousers of striped brown or gray cloth, generally of light color. The coat is cut in the same way as last year except that the sleeves are fuller and the skirts a trifle longer. The binding is of narrow silk.

The waistcoat, except for evening dress, will

be of the same material as the coat and cut high in the waist and single-breasted with notched collar.

Trowsers will be cut loose and straight. Brown and gray striped cassimeres will predominate as material. For evening dress, when a white vest is worn, light gray will be considered the more becoming for trowsers; otherwise either light or dark colors may be worn.

Most business suits and walking suits will be made of Scotch and English plaids in subdued colors or small checks, coat, waistcoat and trowsers all of the same cloth. Strongly-marked plaids will be worn only by those persons who can afford to have several suits at a time, and to present a frequent variety in apparel. Small checks so woven as to make almost imperceptible plaids are to be much worn. The prevailing style of business coat will be a single-breasted sack-coat with one, two, or three buttons. When the coat has more than one button the skirts are cut away sharply from the lower one. A single-breasted, one-button sack-coat, cut straight in front and with "patch" pockets, will be very popular as a coat for the sea-side or country. The business vest will be cut high in the waist, single-breasted, and without a collar. The trowsers will be fuller than for dress suits, straight and wide at the foot. There will be a great variety in color of business suits, but brown and gray will be most fashionable.

Perhaps the most marked change from last spring in men's fashions is a tendency toward subdued and unobtrusive colors and figures. The more economical and modest in dress will naturally favor it, and the Scotch and English weavers have done much in their work to further such a tendency among the richer classes. With many fine pieces of English goods recently imported, it is difficult to tell without looking closely whether they are plaids or checks, so nicely are the different colors blended and arranged. Either at a distance or near at hand they have a very attractive appearance.

Foolscap Papers.

A Few Notes, Oiled.

I WRITE this by the light of a coal-oil lamp. The old days of tallow-candle are burned out, and like a charred wick, have crumbled away, or have been snuffed off by the fingers of old Time. Coal-oil has boiled up and the tallow dip is gone out.

I have just returned from a trip to Oliville, whither I had gone on a trip of greasy curiosity to see oil in its native purity, and while there took a few notes on the (grease) spot.

The citizens there talk nothing but oil; in fact, they talk oil the time.

Petroleum in that section is considered to be of the land in the most practical sense.

One of the easiest ways in the world to get into that town is to slide in.

Whenever they get tired of a citizen there, they just grease him and let him slip out. They are slick fellows.

When a fellow goes up to a bar, he just asks for a little more coal-oil with sugar, if you please.

The people there have the oiliest tongues you ever heard, and they are the skildest of talkers.

The milkman brings you your measure of milk, and you set it away, not for cream to rise to the top, but to allow the oil to come to the surface, which is skimmed off and thrown away.

In speaking of a man's wealth they do not estimate it in dollars, but say he is worth so many barrels a day.

All you have got to do is to bore a hole in the ground and let a faucet in it and you can furnish the world with the pleasing material to make the morning fires with.

If you want to grease your boots, all you have to do is to go out and dip them in the creek.

It should certainly be a very peaceable place, for the people get along smoothly and no disturbance could arise, since there is always oil upon the waters. Even the course of true love runs smooth.

I approached an industrious, oily-looking man who was boring a hole in the ground with a gimlet, and inquired if he was in search of oil. He wiped the perspiring kerosene from his brow and informed me he was after water, but the chances were that he would strike oil. It was just his luck, and if he was boring for oil he'd most surely strike water. I inquired how far he would have to go to find oil.

"Well," said he, "this is the jolliest farm in these here borings. There's a coal-oil under the whole of it. I can't put in a post-hole anywhere, hardly, but what the oil bursts out, and then there's the deuce to pay, and the hole to stop up. Why, mister, I daresent throw a lighted match down on this farm for fear it will take fire and burn up. You may think this is an oily story, but it ain't."

This man was old Pete Rullum himself; he was evidently a man who didn't like to tell a lie, but he could make the truth a pretty big lie in case of a pinch.

Of course I got the oil fever, and it broke out in me badly. I wanted to buy a well. A fellow who had oil enough about his clothes to last a family a week, told me with oil in his eyes that he had just such a dream as I wanted. I asked him if it was portable. He assured me it was not. I told him I would much prefer to purchase one of that kind of wells.

He took me down to the foot of the hill and set it in operation. He swore a greasy oath that it would run twenty barrels a day without ever getting tired. I bought it. I afterward found that the well ran forty-two gallons in forty-two minutes and then stopped. It wouldn't run any more until the barrel, further up the hill, which fed it, was filled up again.

That was a greasy trick, but I find it is one of the vagaries which in fits of abstraction the people there occasionally play off upon speculators in search of recreation.

A traveler there finds that money gets away by handling that it slips away before you are aware of it.

I was there only one day and got but one grease spot on my clothes; that is to say, the spot reached all over me, and struck in.

It is the only location I ever saw where a fellow who doesn't amount to much can literally set the river on fire without any trouble at all.

Sometimes a fellow will attempt to sink a well to raise a fortune, but will sink a fortune without raising a well. His hopes grease their feet and slip up.

Many a man who attempted to bore down into the earth has found that it bore down very heavily on him.

At dinner we had fish smothered in coal oil, with kerosene dressing; mutton with petroleum gravy and salad with petroleum crude.

I have often wondered where all the oil comes from, but when I was there I wondered where it all goes to.

Everything is oleaginous there, and everybody is an oily-genius as near as I could make out.

The wells are stationary but you will find them running all over the country wherever they like.

The way they make an oil well is this: they first make a long hole, sharpen the end with an ax and drive it into the ground, unless it should bend or break off, as it very often does. Let us blow out the light.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—A Benton County, Iowa, man hid \$800 in the spare room stove. The next day his wife's mother came down during his absence for a three weeks' visit, and that spare room was warmed by the fire the first three days of her stay. And they say you can pick up shreds of that woman's hair and clothes, where he elbowed him around the country when he heard of it, anywhere within ten miles of the house. Who was to blame—his mother-in-law for coming, or his wife for lighting the fire, or himself for putting the money in the stove? What's the next Presidency to him?

—During the prevalent fear that the Colorado potato-bug will be introduced into Europe, an equine or even more dangerous pest has actually been found in fields where the insects have laid waste extensive tracts of land covered with good crops of grass and grain. Appreciating the

THE LOST CHILD.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

So palely sits fair Elinoë,
A-weeping at her cottage-door,
With grief her heart ne'er knew before.
And she will not be comforted,
But moans in smothered pain instead,
And heeds no word of hope that's said.
She calls her child, oh! never yet
So sweet a face in dimples sets,
With stars for eyes as Ellen's pet.
But now his smile is gone, sleek!
Nor skill of mine can bring it back,
And Elinoë sits draped in black.
But she may find him some bright morn
When she shall reach the distant bourne,
With love within her heart new-born.

The Men of '76.

John Paul Jones,
THE TERROR OF THE SEAS.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

HEROIC Paul Jones!
Little did the people of Arbigland, Scotland,
guess that the gardener's son was destined to
become the First American Commodore!

Little did the sailors at the port of Whitehaven, on the Solway—from whence he “shipped” as hand-before-the-mast apprentice, at the early age of twelve years—surmise that in that bright-eyed boy was the future Admiral of a Russian fleet!

John Paul was the youngest of five surviving children of John Paul, gardener to Mr. Craik, of Arbigland. William Paul, the eldest of the five, at an early age emigrated to Virginia, where he became a prosperous planter. The three next children were daughters. John Paul, Jr., was “the baby” of that sturdy flock, and like many a “youngest child,” having but his own wits to depend upon for his success in life, became celebrated.

Born July 6th, 1774, he received a rather meager education, and was, at twelve years of age, permitted to gratify his taste for a seafaring life, being then *apprenticed* to a shipmaster of Whitehaven—bound by “indemnities” to serve, without seaman’s wages, for five years. That’s the way sailors used to be made. They had to “serve their time” as *apprentices* at any other trade. The boy had an aptitude for the profession; he loved it; he was brave, reliant, obedient to authority, and before he was of age was both an expert seaman and a good commander.

He only quitted the merchant service to visit Virginia in 1778, to take an estate willed to him by his brother William; and was there when the Revolution broke out—as good a “patriot” as the most ardent “rebel” could desire. He had adopted the name of JONES, from love for the eminent brothers, Willie and Allen Jones, of North Carolina, and when he offered his services to Congress it was under the name of John Paul Jones.

The first American Navy was formally created by law of Congress, Dec. 22d, 1775, by which one commander, four captains and thirteen lieutenants were authorized. Jones’ name entered as from Virginia—stood No. One among the lieutenants. But, prior to that, (viz. Dec. 7th), he had been commissioned as sixth in rank.

Ordered to Commodore Hopkins’ vessel, the Alfred, a twenty-four gunship, his hand first run up the *American Ensign* to the peak—on the day of Hopkins’ first visit to his ship. This ensign was a PINE TREE and RATTLE-SNAKE—then the recognized “standard colors.”

From this time the true career of the “great fighter” commenced. In command of small vessels he performed many daring services, in which his audacity stood in lieu of guns. His bold maneuvers in face of superior vessels of the enemy attracted great attention, and his dashing exploits indicated to the enemy a man who was bound to give them trouble. Commanding an expedition against Louisburg, on Cape Breton Island, his two vessels made a most daring descent on the British port and returned to Boston (Dec. 15th, 1776) with many valuable captures.

Congress adopted the *Stars and Stripes* as the National Flag, by act dated June 14th, 1777. Jones had that day been placed, by the Military Committee, in command of the Ranger, then lying at Portsmouth, N. H. Proceeding to his vessel his own hand was first to run up the new ensign—the first time it ever floated over an American ship-of-war. The Ranger ran to Europe (1777-1778) where the first salute ever given to an American vessel-of-war was bestowed by the French fleet, through Paul Jones’ intercession.

The Ranger soon astonished and infuriated the British by landing on the Irish coast. She cut off vessels and secured prizes under the very sight of the shores. At the harbor of Carrickfergus she found the British sloop-of-war Drake—a vessel of equal size but of greater gun strength. This Jones resolved at once to cut out and capture. The bold attempt miscarried by an accident, and, driven before a gale, the bold cruiser ran for the Scottish coast.

Now was conceived the daring design of destroying the entire shipping in Whitehaven harbor—his native shipping port—the object being to strike home on British commerce. As a measure of war it was justifiable, but seemed cruel in the once English subject. But Jones only knew his adopted country and its cause. Anchoring the Ranger outside the harbor he ran in (April 22d, 1777) with two boats and thirty-one volunteers for the most hazardous service. With astonishing boldness the Americans invaded the town, fired the shipping and reembarked. The fires, however, were suppressed and no serious damage done.

Then, running over the Solway, Jones made a descent (April 23d) on the Earl of Selkirk’s place, to take his Lord Selkirk prisoner, thus to force the British government to arrangements for exchange of prisoners—many Americans then languishing in British prisons. The Earl was not at home; so that remarkably bold scheme failed. About \$5,000 worth of silver plate was taken, but this Jones afterward repurchased from his men and returned.

Jones again dropped down to Carrickfergus harbor where lay the British sloop-of-war Drake, which he ascertained, was then ready to put to sea for his capture. Nothing loth, Jones waited outside, and when the Drake approached the Ranger quickly closed in with her. A very fierce fight resulted in the Drake’s capture, after the loss of her commander, first lieutenant and forty killed and wounded. Jones’ loss was but two killed and six wounded—so superbly had he maneuvered his vessel. Bearing his prize to Brest harbor, in France (then our ally), his fame flew over all Europe. The audacity of the man—his skill, bravery and perseverance—never had been excelled in naval warfare.

To procure such a man a proper fleet was his

enthusiastic friends’ effort. Aided by them, and by Ben Franklin, American Minister to France, an old merchantman was finally obtained, refitted, and renamed the *Bon Homme Richard* (Good man Richard)—in honor of Franklin’s “Poor Richard.” This vessel Jones made his flag-ship.

Accompanied by his little squadron, he put out from Groix, France, Aug. 15th, 1778, for a cruise around Great Britain! Capture after capture quickly ensued, of merchantmen which were sent in under prize crews, and then with his flag-ship and two of his consorts he started up the Forth, to lay the great city of Edinburgh under heavy contributions. This most audacious act was, at the very moment of its execution, thwarted by a sudden squall and gale, which forced him to sea again, and thus the Scottish capital was spared a humiliating sacrifice.

Prizes still being forwarded to the harbors of France, greatly weakened his crews, so that when a large merchant fleet hove in sight off Marborough Head, under convoy (Sept. 2d), it found the Richard’s crew reduced to less than three hundred. The convoy was the Serapis, two deck, fifty-gun ship, and three hundred and twenty men, and the Countess of Scarborough, twenty-two guns and one hundred and twenty men.

Seeing the hostile fleet, the merchantmen scattered, and the British war ships stood out to sea to see who was their unexpected visitor. The maneuvers for position somewhat disconcerted Jones’ several consorts, so that when, at eight o’clock in the evening, he got near enough to the Serapis to receive her hall, “What vessel is that?” his own vessels were not within helping distance. His answer to the hail was a broadside; and then commenced one of the most terrible sea conflicts on record. Suddenly the vessels neared, as backward and forth they sailed in the darkness, until the Richard fouled with the Englishman, and was most awfully racked by his guns. It was enough to have ended the conflict, but Jones knew no such word as surrender. The carnage became frightful, but Jones mounted with the danger. Though his vessel was fire, and was pierced through and through, he fought on. Men even crawled from vessel to vessel. Driven from the main deck, Jones’ brave fellows poured in musketry and grenades from the tops, and worked the guns on the lower deck. It was a most bloody duel *à la mort*. All seemed lost for the Richard, but to the Britons’ amazement “the Yankee didn’t know when he was whipped,” and kept on fighting. The Serapis was on fire many times. Dead men strewed the decks. Guns were, one by one, silenced, and almost from sheer exhaustion the British vessel, after two and a half hours of fight, hauled down her colors.

The Countess of Scarborough had been captured, after an hour’s conflict, by the Pallas, of Jones’ squadron. The Richard and Serapis both were dreadfully crippled. At least one-half their crews were killed or disabled! The Richard was abandoned, and went down on the morning of the 24th. The Serapis and Scarborough were borne with much trouble to the Texel, Holland, where the Yankee fleet was soon shut in by a powerful force of English vessels, eager to destroy their terrible foe. In the Alliance he ran the blockade, one night in December, and reached Groix, in France, in safety—greatly to British chagrin. He was, of course, quite “the lion” of the day.

Owing to a variety of circumstances, no more vessels were made available for a proper fleet for Jones, and he eventually returned to Philadelphia, with the Ariel, heavily loaded with military stores. Congress honored him, and the French minister, by order of Louis XVI, conferred on him the Order of Military Merit.

Congress now appointed him to the command of the America, a new 74-gun ship, the highest command it could bestow. But, when the fine ship was nearly ready for sea, she had to be given to the French, and Jones was without a vessel—Congress now being too poor to supply him with another, and French fleets doing all the sea service.

It is not necessary to dwell on Jones’ two years spent in Europe, looking after his prize-money—his return here—the gold medal voted by Congress (October, 1787)—Congress’ letter to the king of France, commanding him, etc., etc. In 1788 he entered the service of Russia, and commanded in the Black Sea, as rear-admiral; but the miserable intrigues of the service soon made him sick of it. He had several brilliant engagements, but nothing worthy of his great fame, and he virtually abandoned the employ of Catherine. Returning to Paris, he there died, July 18th, 1792.

Of this truly great naval captain Cooper says: “In battle, Paul Jones was brave; in enterprise, hardy and original; in victory, mild and generous; in motives, much disposed to disinterestedness, though ambitious of renown and covetous of distinction; in his pecuniary relations, liberal; in his affections, natural and sincere; and in his temper, except in those cases which assailed his reputation, just and franking.”

Paul Jones’ epitaph.

A True Knight:
OR,
TRUST HER NOT.

BY MARGARET LEICESTER.

CHAPTER XI.

ARTFUL MADEMOISELLE.

A few evenings subsequently the man whom Coila thought “more amusing than the Paris *épicure*,” proposed that, instead of returning soberly with the others along the quiet lane from the back, he would show her a far more interesting and adventurous path on the top of the cliffs.

Now Coila was such an affectionate little witch that I don’t believe she would have consented to leave her beloved papa Verne, who, at this time, took more and more comfort in her artless fondness, had Mr. Stanley and Maiblume not been walking in the rear—to whom she could confide him, thus giving him the rare pleasure of walking with his Maiblume, and at the same time interrupting a *tête à tête* which, child though she was in mind and heart, she could read was irksome to her idolized Maiblume.

That was why she consented to trip away by the stranger’s side, while the twilight gathered closer, and the broad-burnished moon peeped over the sea, lighting up her small spirituous face and her big blue eyes, till she seemed like some sprite bent on elfish mischief.

“I say, Miss De Vouze,” quoth the artist, taking her fairy hand to lead her up the rough dingle, “ain’t these two going to it, now the secretary’s out the way?”

“Eh! monsieur means? What does monsieur mean?” queried she, with delicious simplicity.

“I mean that the widower and Miss Verne

are going to make a match of it,” said he, rolling his eyes into their corners to get a good look at her.

Coila uttered a shrill, tiny cry, and stood still that she might stamp her little foot.

“Ah! Bah! But clever Monsieur Wylie makes the ridiculous blunder this time! Miss Verne! She will never marry unless she marries Monsieur George!”

“Stanley’s bound to have her,” said Mr. Wylie, “and unless somebody stops him he’ll have his way.”

“He sha’n’t! He sha’n’t!” reiterated Coila, with another fierce stamp of her tiny foot. “My heart! she would die of grief in a week!”

“Why don’t you go for him yourself then, and save her life?” drawled Mr. Wylie, helping her over another steep boulder.

She lit like a bird at his side, and waving her white hands like snowy wings cried, passionately:

“I would die to save my Maiblume—but to marry monsieur, the poet—Oh! Sainte Virge, succor me in this strait!”

“I believe you could have him if you took the trouble,” said Mr. Wylie, with admiring warmth. “Blest if I don’t sometimes feel fit to pop the question myself, crusty old bachelor as I am—but you wouldn’t look at me if I did, so I won’t transform myself into a middle-aged adorer.”

She averted her modest face from these ardent compliments, and tried coyly to pluck her fingers from his as they climbed higher; but he only pressed them closer, continuing, after a season of dumb mirth:

“Or if you won’t rid Miss Verne of her unwelcome admirer that way, why don’t you set your sharp little wits to work to do it some other way?”

“Ah, monsieur, my wits are dull to scheme!” sighed Coila; “but my heart it is hot to work for Maiblume. Tell me what I can do, my friend!”

By this time they had arrived at the top of the cliff, and were pacing slowly along the thyme-carpeted plain, with the wrinkled ocean moving far beneath, and spanned by a silver bridge flung by Luna.

There was a hush up here never to be obtained down by the sounding sea; a feeling of loneliness and isolation which might have quite disconcerted a creature as shy and easily alarmed as was tender little mademoiselle; but her beautiful devotion toward her adopted sister inspired her with courage; she looked up in Mr. Wylie’s eyes with shining expectation in her own, and tightened her clasp of his hand in urgent appeal.

For once Mr. Wylie was not ready with an answer.

He knitted his brows, coughed uneasily, cast upon her several side glances of surpassing keenness, and at last spoke:

“I suppose you believe, like all good Catholics, in pious frauds,” commenced he.

She opened her innocent, wide eyes wider. “Eh bien! monsieur! You speak in riddles!” cried the fresh young voice in wondering accents.

“Ugh!” grunted Mr. Wylie, impatiently. “I’m afraid you haven’t the pluck, after all!”

“Dear friend,” said Coila, modestly, “I’m a foolish little one, but when I love I have what you call the valor, too. Confide your scheme—she you shall see—you shall see!”

“All right! I’ll tell you what a spirited woman would do under the circumstances,” said the artist, somewhat reassured. “She’d just go to work to draw the wool over the widower’s eyes—”

“Eh! Monsieur means?”

“Well, to be candid, I mean that if you’d set your fascinations to work to draw him off from Miss Verne, I bet a cool ten thousand that in a week he’d be following you about like a dog. All pretense on your part of course, but it would relieve Miss Verne of his attentions, and, at the same time, give young Laurie a chance to vindicate himself and make up with Miss Verne again.”

Coila clapped her little soft hands in a burst of applause.

“Excellent!” cried she. “For Maiblume’s sake I will begin at once. But oh, how I dread monsieur the poet!” faltered she, relapsing into timidity. “I tremble when he looks at me. How do I fear him so, dear Monsieur Wylie?”

Mr. Wylie came to a standstill, and, fixing his eyes with solemn earnestness upon hers, said more impressively than she had ever heard him speak:

“You, and all innocent little creatures like you, flutter affrighted before Paul Stanley, as the pretty little bird does before the serpent—fascinated by his graceful exterior in spite of the inward monitor which declares him to be a monster. Do you know, Miss Coila, that I, and in fact a lot of people in the city, have had some very queer suspicions about Mr. Paul Stanley ever since that dreadful affair, the death of his wife, and the suppression of her will?”

Coila’s uplooking eyes, into which the moonbeams shone as into two limpid pools, flinched, and her white face quivered—only for a moment though; the next, she was looking with wonder and dismay at Mr. Wylie:

“Oh, what a cruel suspicion!” cried she. “I cannot believe this, monsieur. Why should Monsieur Stanley do such a wicked thing?”

“Why, you innocent daisy!” exclaimed Mr. Wylie, so charmed by her simplicity that he took her by the chin and raised her face that he might look at it more closely. “Didn’t he come into a big fortune by the transaction? Who else profited by it? Who else had any motive for suppressing Mrs. Stanley’s will? Eh? Do you know of any one?”

“Ah, no, no!” cried Coila, her sweet eyes swimming in tears. “Poor Madame! Dear Madame Stanley!”

Mr. Wylie dropped her chin with an inarticulate growl, and, rubbing his hands softly, stood off to view her, as if she were some piece of art.

“All right!” said he at last. “Time will show; ‘murder will out,’ as the detectives say when the knaves has given them the slip; and I tell you, my little half-blown blossom with the dew yet glistening on your innocent leaves, that, sooner or later, the world will hear who stole Mrs. Stanley’s will.”

She stood a moment breathless, actually gazing in horror at the artist, then she shrigged her shoulders, crying, pettishly:

“You terrible man! Don’t talk thus any longer! You make me feel as if I was surrounded by wickedness and treachery. *Tout bientôt!* Time shall show, indeed!” and waving him to follow, she lifted her floating train and led the way along the summit of the cliff.

Mr. Wylie sauntered after her, his hands plunged deep into his pockets, his mouth open, and his eyes upturned to the heavens till only the whites were visible, in speechless admiration of her innocent trust in fallen human nature.

Some few minutes later and they stood at the rustic gate, hand locked in hand, the best of friends.

“You’ll do your part, Miss Coila,” said Mr. Wylie, affectionately; “draw off Stanley from

Miss Verne, and meantime I’ll see what can be done for young Laurie.”

In her pleasure she gave him her other hand to hold, too.

“Ah! if you will only bring him back in honor, all will be well,” cooed she.

And thus they parted.

Next morning Coila was taking counsel with herself. She was alone on the beach, Maiblume not having joined her as yet.

Lovely sprite! What more enchanting vision could mere mortal see than she, as, bending over a deep, clear pool in the shadow of a monster rock, she wore bright amber ribbons of kelp among her raven tresses, fastened starry shells across her brow, and hung tassels of delicate sea-green, lavender and scarlet, about her white throat!

And she sung, low and silvery, like the glad gurgle of a bird; and she poised her dainty self in this attitude and in that;

your looks. I see it all! She has trampled upon your love."

The thrilling sweetness of her lowered tones forced him to look down at her.

Two glistening rills were running down her shell-tinted cheeks from eyes as soft as the pools of Hesbon; two snowy hands were clasped in generous distress!

He looked closer.

Her coral lips were quivering; her downy cheeks were flushing; her pretty breast was heaving convulsively.

The sprite! She was crying for his sake.

"Mademoiselle," said he, in a peculiarly metallic voice, "my sorrows won't kill me. Spare your grief; you are far too pretty to cry over any love-trouble but your own."

She lifted her shy sweet eyes to his with a solemn air in their depths.

"Oh, you are the brave man!" ejaculated she, clasping her hands; "the strong soul! With what endurance—with what fortitude—with what heroism you front these successive storms of misfortune! You are like a god; I, poor foolish trifler, might well worship you."

His attention was now riveted upon the inspired speaker.

Never in her life had Mademoiselle De Vouste been better worth looking at. In her enthusiasm she had quite forgotten her usual fawn-like timidity; had quite forgotten the misconception he might put upon her impulsive words, and glowed before him a *piccola* Venus endowed with Sappho's burning spirit.

Paul Stanley stopped under the overarching foliage to offer her his hand with a gloomy sort of friendliness.

"Thank you for your good opinion," said he, "and for your sympathy," he added, with an ominous grin of the teeth and glint of the eye. "Don't let Miss Verne turn you against me, and—*and*—be my advocate—won't you?"

Having let him take her hand, she bent, pressed her velvet lips upon it and dropped a tear upon it, whispering:

"Ah, yes! I shall do anything—anything for monsieur." With which assurance she flitted away, and Stanley looked after her almost with curiosity.

"Incomprehensible little thing!" muttered he, as he turned off; "I always thought she disliked me, but now, by all the gods, I think she's half in love with me!"

A few days afterward, Mr. Wylie, who was a most devoted *attaché* to the ladies at Storm Cliff cottage, maneuvered for another *attaché* with Coila.

Now, that gentle fair had fought quite shy of Mr. Wylie ever since that walk on the cliffs, and it required a good deal of engineering to carry his point. However, after beating about the bush with some of the diplomatic talent of a Wolsey, he caught her one morning sitting on the doorstep, with her lap full of dewy-red clover with which she was feeding her own glossy black pony, as miniature an edition of the equine species as she was of the human race.

Seating himself close beside her, said Mr. Wylie:

"I say, you know this ain't business. We'll have to get the secretary back. Stanley don't bite, and Miss Verne is getting sick over it."

She threw back her bird-like head and warbled a laugh.

"Monsieur the poet does not give me a chance," said she; "he is injured—he is sullen; he hides at home. Wait till monsieur comes forth again to the attack and you shall see."

"And, mean time," said Wylie, rolling his eyeballs into the corner next to her, "suppose you take Laurie's matter in hand yourself. I'm too bungling; I can't meddle, and besides, I've done all I could."

"Eh? What has monsieur done?" carelessly inquired little mademoiselle, while she kissed the black velvet nose of Hadji.

"I've found out where he lives," returned the artist, chuckling.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Coila, brimming with lively curiosity. "And where does he live? And why does he live there?"

"I can tell you where he lives, but why you'll have to find out for yourself. If he was to catch me interfering I'd get into the darkest row—you understand; whereas, if you poked your nice little fingers into his pie he would be only too grateful to you for taking so much interest in him. A petticoat makes all the difference in the world," added he, philosophically.

"Monsieur has a long head; monsieur schemes well," said Coila, looking at him earnestly, while he eyed the drifting summer clouds. "I wonder why monsieur takes such an interest in all our fortunes."

"Nothing else to do," drawled he, politely suppressing a yawn, "and being a benevolent sort of a fellow, I like to see nice people happy."

She set her glittering teeth and shrugged her shoulders.

"All well!" said she airily; "only continue to act the good geni. Now tell me all about this hiding-place of Monsieur Laurie's."

So then he invited her out to ride with him, and off they cantered to Linsdale, the little town once before mentioned, and having lunched there, they spent the afternoon in scaling the mountain, reconnoitering the premises where George and Aubrey lay concealed, and in returning home quite wearied out but perfectly confidential toward each other.

"Now attend to this business according to your lights," said Mr. Wylie, "and I miss my guess if you don't bring him home in triumph before the week is out. Holy poker! won't the Verne be ready to worship you, though!"

"Trust to me, dear friend," said Coila, radiantly; "Monsieur George's little secret shall be shared with me immediately. His conduct shall be discovered to be irreproachable; he shall be reinstated; Maublaine shall reward him for his sorrows with her hand—and *voilà!* sunshine, felicity!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 313.)

Statistics of marriages at Worcester, Mass. for the last year show that, out of a total of 463 marriages, in twenty-eight cases widowers and widows were united for the second time, and seventeen widows took bachelors for their second husbands. Five widowers took widows for their third wives, and the same number took maidens for their third companions. One widow took a widower for her third husband, and in one case it was the third marriage of both. In 359 cases the groom was the older, while in forty-eight instances both were of the same age, and fifty-nine brides were older than the grooms. One bride was fifteen years old, one sixteen, fourteen were seventeen, and twenty-eight were eighteen. The youngest groom was seventeen, five were nineteen, nine were twenty, and twenty were twenty-one years of age. The groom of seventeen took a bride of eighteen, and the bride of fifteen took a husband of nineteen. A widower, eighty-two years of age, took a maiden of forty-nine for his third wife. A widower of seventy-six was united to a widow of fifty-eight, it being the third marriage of each.

SONG FROM A DRAMA.

I know not if moonlight or starlight
Be soft on the land and the sea—
I catch but the pale light of far light,
Of eyes that are brightening for me,
The silent of the night, of the roses,
May burden the air for thee, sweet—
'Tis only the breath of thy sighing
I know, as I lie at thy feet.
The winds may be sobbing or singing,
Their touch may be fervent or cold,
The night-bells may toll or be ringing—
I care not, with thee in my fold!
The moon may go down in the morn,
Be seen 'twixt the east and the west,
The whisper, "I love thee! I love thee!"
Hath flooded my soul with its sound.
I think not of time that is flying,
How short is the hour I have won,
How near is this living to dying,
How the shadow still follows the sun;
There is naught upon earth, no desire,
Worth the thought, though 'twere had by a
sigh!—I love thee! I love thee!
Bring nigher
Thy spirit, thy kisses, to mine!

Vials of Wrath:

on,
THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-BLIND," "OATH-BOUND," "BARBARA'S
FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

AROUSING THE FIRES.

If Havelstock congratulated himself that he had escaped comfortably from his sudden, overwhelming surprise caused by Ida's words respecting Ethel, he was most woefully mistaken. Dinner was scarcely over, before the page in Ida's special service tapped at the door of the smoking-room with a verbal message to him to go to Ida's dressing-room.

He tossed his cigar into the receiver, and apologized to Lexington for leaving him so abruptly, then went leisurely up the stairs to Ida's presence. He found her in her dressing-room, still in her dinner dress, sitting beside a little table on which a gas-lamp burned merrily.

As he shut the door, she looked up at him with her brown eyes full of anger, and jealousy, and distrust. "Sit down there, where I can see you. I want to talk to you about Ethel Maryl." She motioned him to a cushioned chair that stood full in the light of the lamp. He gave a start of inward terror—it was undoubtedly uncomfortable to hear from Ida's lips even the name of the unfortunate girl he had so mercilessly used; yet, as he recovered himself, by an effort, a mighty effort of his stubborn will, and carelessly seated himself in the designated chair, he thought, as he looked at Ida, that she was really more to be pitied than Ethel.

He turned his sarcastically questioning eyes fully toward her.

"You certainly select a most agreeable topic for conversation. I do not know of a young lady far or near I would rather discuss."

Ida's lips fairly quivered with rage.

"You need not think you can hoodwink me with any such assumed indifference, or interest. You know there is something about Ethel Maryl that you know and I don't."

It was a mere random shot Ida fired—aimed in the groundless jealousy that had gained possession of her since she had the sight of Ethel's face, and listened to Mrs. Lexington's compliment, and remembered that Frank and Ethel knew each other in earlier days. But random or not, it made Havelstock fairly curse under his breath at the truthfulness of it; as he thought what if Ida should know all!

"Do you hear me?" she went on, imperiously. "I expect you know more about Ethel Maryl than I do, and I believe she is in New York for no other earthly purpose than to meet you."

Havelstock smiled—from very relief at the "switch" Ida was running off on. "Do you really think so? You pay me a higher compliment than I deserve—although I think Miss Maryl might be inclined to resent it."

He was so easy, and nonchalant that his very attitude stung Ida.

"I really think so; and what is more, I really think you are as much in love with her as I am with you. If not, why did you display such odd agitation when I mentioned her name at dinner? Are gentlemen in the habit of actually turning gray-green when their sweethearts' names are spoken, or does their emotion mean something even worse?"

She was pitched to the highest key of jealous suspicion, and yet little dreamed how her blows struck home.

This time, however, a lurid glow in his eyes warned her she was trenching on dangerous ground; and the very signal of warning that urged her still further on.

"You admit it, do you? You confess there is something between you two? I see it in your eyes as plainly as if you said it. You needn't think you can deceive me."

He looked at her with a quiet insolence that was peculiarly tantalizing.

"It only needs several such scenes as this to sever the very frail thread of regard that unites me to you. I would advise you, in the future, for your own sake, to avoid such topics of conversation."

There was a perfect devil in his back eyes that made her quail—for a second. Then she took another tack suddenly.

"Well—I only hope the charming young lady is as loyal to you as you are to her. It didn't look much like it, however, seeing her riding along in a coupe with the most disgusting looking man—a big, stout, purple-faced man, with head shaved like convict's. A very formidable rival for you, I should say."

The intended taunt he never heard; only the picture she drew of Ethel's escort, who could be no other living man but Carleton Vincy.

The thought made him fairly desperate. Ethel, his own wife—he almost laughed at the words—in the company of a man of Vincy's principles, Vincy's daring. His pure, brave, proud little Ethel, whom he worshipped that moment with a strength that was an agony—she, powerless in Carleton Vincy's hands! He needed all his tremendous will-power to remain sitting quietly in his chair with Ida's sneering, angry eyes on him, and allow the raging tempest of emotion to sweep over him.

He sat there, outwardly very calm, cool, indifferent, except for an ominous whiteness on his face, wondering how it had been brought about—the fact of Ethel's riding in the coupe with the man who would not hesitate at any thing.

He remembered Vincy's boldly-expressed admiration of Ethel; he knew the obvious helplessness of her position, and the trusting innocence of her disposition—and he clenched his hands so hard that the nails made wounds in his palms.

If he only knew where they were going, and Ida saw the light leap to his eyes although he dare not ask the question.

He arose to leave the room, with a coldly negligent air.

"When you send for me again, pray select a better subject, and I will be at command."

He sauntered down-stairs, with a perspiration starting on his forehead and hands. He went into the dining room, and pour'd a wine-glassful of brandy from a decanter on the side-board, drinking it almost at a swallow.

"What a narrow escape—curse these long-tongued, fox-eyed women! and to think—where my dainty little Ethel is! Great heavens! where is she?"

He paced up and down the long room, terribly shaken by his fast coming retribution, whose foreboding shadow had power to completely unnerve him.

He realized that that was a long lane that had no turning, as he walked to and fro. He knew he had traveled over the flower-lined part of his downward career, and that the rest of the way were only pitfalls and dangers. He knew, as well as if an angel had descended to tell him, that the swirling vortex was increasing in giddy speed, and that already his feet were off any foundation.

With his hands clasped at his back, he walked up and down, a very picture of fiendish rage, and impotent fury; a sullen, wrathful light in his eyes. It was almost more than he could endure, even with his wonderful, stoical endurance; this galling knowledge that he was a very slave in the chains of deep-rooted, unceasing love, or what he called by so sweet and pure a name, for Ethel. And she—somewhere with Carleton Vincy. It was physically impossible for him to control the fast rising fury in his heart. He felt his face burning, his heart thumping, the cords in his neck swelling, and he rushed into the hall for his hat, and out the front door, into the chilly April night. He walked aimlessly, yet hurriedly down the street, and without a particle of will power of his own, mechanically took his way toward his office.

Block after block he went, feeling the sharp, damp air on his hot cheeks, and not conscious of fatigue when he found himself at his office door, scores of blocks further than he ever dreamed of walking. He unlocked the door, and went in, closing, without fastening it. He lighted the gas in the private sanctum and then turned it down to a mellow twilight; then he sat down in one of the capacious easy-chairs, with his feet on a hassock, and his felt hat slouched over his eyes. He succeeded in defining and analyzing his feelings, as he sat there, an hour or so, in the silent dusky.

All his fierce, raging tumult of passion had subsided to two distinct phases, and of the two, it was a question with him which was the strongest. One was hatred—jealousy of Carleton Vincy, the man who held so many dangerous secrets in his hand; the man who had the insight into all of Havelstock's movements during those wicked days that seemed ages ago.

Havelstock knew he was in Vincy's power, and he knew Vincy knew it. It was all very well for Havelstock to try to console himself with the fact that Vincy was equally in his hands, but, somehow, Havelstock couldn't appreciate that. While Vincy had knowingly tormented Georgia, and persecuted her with his odious attentions, even to the extent of being unmercifully kicked out of Tanglewood's conservatory, yet, in the eyes of law he wasn't as amenable as Havelstock would be, if his misdemeanors were bruited abroad.

So far, surely, Vincy had a decided advantage, and Havelstock ceded it, unyieldingly, as he thought it over. But when he realized another advantage Vincy had, and was in all probability enjoying that very minute, then he was almost identical with the name of the Welsh family to whom Lexington gave little Jessamine, according to your own account. The name was Mary or Merrill, and the little Jessamine gave her own first name, in her lisping tongue, as plainly as she could speak—Essie, or 'Ebbie' she must have said, so that the Lawrence naturally thought the name Ethel—Ethel Maryl. Do I make it clear to you?"

Havelstock nodded gloomily.

"Altogether too clear. Good heavens, Vincy, what have I done? actually thrown away the real jewel—the heiress to all Tanglewood, for the miserable little doll up yonder!"

He was quivering like a leaf, and his eyes were riveted to Vincy's face in a sort of fascination.

"Aside from that," Vincy went on, easily. "It was the proof of the birth-mark. I never saw one like it before or since, nor has any one else, I think. I distinctly remember the case of it—it happened long before the child was born. Georgia never forgave me for that blow that brought the blood, I fancy."

Havelstock's face was growing livid with the accumulation of regret that Fate was beginning to heap on him. He gnashed his teeth in a gust of rage that he had played his cards so miserably.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "what shall you do with her? To be sure she is my wife, but I cannot, for obvious reasons, assume the control of her."

Vincy smiled, and answered dryly:

"You are right; for very obvious reasons you are powerless to assume control of her, and yet—"

He hesitated, and looked at Havelstock in a peculiarly suggestive way that Havelstock did not lose.

"Yes—and yet what?"

"Just this," and he spoke in a low, slow, confidential way; "just this; Ethel of course has no idea that you are married or that you ever changed your name by special act of legislature. She supposes, doubtless, that she is your legal wife, and, knowing as you do, her acute ideas of honor and principle and duty, no matter how agonizingly they clash with inclination and preference, you have only to abase yourself before her and win her to you—to what she will regard her true position."

Havelstock listened eagerly, every impulse of his being seconding the suggestions so evilly out.

"But she will, necessarily, hate and despise me when she learns I have been alive and neglecting her so long. I could bear anything rather than her lofty, spirited contempt."

Vincy caressed his whiskers in silence several seconds, while Havelstock watched every changing expression that came and went on his face.

"If you have two ideas in your head, Frank, you can manage all that easily enough. Trump up some yarn about your being actually near-drowned, and being rescued later, and prostrated by a fit of prolonged sickness, and your perfect horror and amazement at finding her gone from her home where you sought her the very first opportunity you had. R. proach her and make her feel she has wronged you in getting you so soon and marrying Leslie Verne."

A gleam of admiration for Vincy's devilish genius lighted Havelstock's eyes for a moment;

officer, whose face was pale and emaciated. He lay in the warm sunlight that streamed over his couch, and his eyes were half closed. All at once a footstep startled him, and he opened his eyes to behold a young girl standing over him.

The recognition was mutual.

"Alice!"

"Sidney!"

The prisoner put forth a feverish hand, and the girl dropping on her knees pressed her lips to his cheeks.

"Who gave you permission to see me?" the American asked, with a look of surprise.

"Colonel Balfour?" was the reply. "Why, he even sent a messenger to our house, and invited me to come here and nurse you."

The trooper's look of surprise increased, it even startled Alice Wentworth.

"Colonel Balfour?" he murmured; "why, he is the man who hung Hayne—the man whom I have threatened to shoot on sight. That officer so kind to me? I do not understand his kindness."

He uttered the last sentence aloud.

"Nor I, but you will appreciate it, nevertheless," the girl said, with brightening eyes. "I will nurse you, Sidney, and since the commandant has permitted us to meet, we will try to forget the cruel deeds which he has performed."

Then Alice Wentworth sat on the edge of the young trooper's cot, and the twain conversed till the sunlight no longer fell upon them. They had not met since the capture of the city by the British, in May of the previous year. Then Sidney Briscoe ground his arms and did not fight until regularly exchanged. Now the fortunes of war had brought them together again in the same city, and while the girl regretted the wound which had caused the meeting, she rejoiced to be near him once more.

Alice Wentworth was a patriot and one of the belles of Charleston. Her sympathies did not prevent her from becoming a favorite among the British officers, and at headquarters more than one toast was drank to her matchless southern beauty.

The days crept slowly over Lieutenant Briscoe's head. Alice Wentworth watched him with a constancy that became the topic of general conversation among the king's officers. His wounds healed rapidly, and at last he was discharged as "cured" by the surgeon who reported to Balfour.

Two hours after the report the young trooper found himself in the same room from which the gallant Hayne had marched to the gibbet.

Then he saw through Balfour's kindness, and the terrible truth flashed across his mind. The letter that his British jailer flung into his room on the morning after his incarceration told him all. It told him that Colonel Balfour had not forgotten the message which he had lately sent to Charleston from Morgan's camp—the message prompted by the execution of Hayne. While the doomful communication was not couched in the commandant's chirurgery, the prisoner knew that it had emanated from headquarters.

By-and-by a dreadful report spread over Charleston. There would soon be another execution. The colonel had discovered that Lieutenant Briscoe captured at Eatwater Springs had violated a parole. Such a report meant that the prisoner was to be hung.

Alice Wentworth heard the report with pallid face, and one night Colonel Balfour was startled to find her asking an audience.

"I can't see the girl," he said to the sentry who announced her name. "I had enough of whimpering women when I did my duty in the Hayne affair. Tell her that the violator of her parole will be hung to-morrow at nine o'clock."

The girl heard the announcement with compressed lips. An icy chill swept to her heart, and she hurried from the house. Past the old jail in whose gloom lay the condemned patriot, the brave girl darted like a specter. She frightened the guard who paced to and fro beneath the forbidding walls, and did not pause until she reached a well-to-do house half a mile from Balfour's headquarters.

Her rapping was answered by a negro, and she was informed that a man whom she called Colonel Puyster was still up.

A moment later Alice Wentworth stood in the presence of a tall and prepossessing English officer of German descent, Balfour's chief of staff.

"What! beautiful Alice Wentworth?" cried the soldier, recognizing the girl. "Do be seated. It is so seldom that I receive angel visits at night that I am somewhat bewildered. It is not late; so you thought you would invade a British lion in his den."

The girl heard the chief of staff with a determined expression, and when he had finished she spoke.

"I want to ask you if you know that Lieutenant Briscoe is to be hung to-morrow?"

The colonel started, but his manner at once told the girl that he was acquainted with Balfour's flat.

"To-morrow?"

"At nine o'clock," said Alice, coming forward. "He must not die!"

"If the commandant has said that he must hang, he will," Colonel Puyster replied. "I fear that no one could influence the colonel in the prisoner's behalf at this late hour."

"That is true, Colonel Puyster; I do not want you to plead in behalf of a prisoner. I have just been repulsed from headquarters, and as I hurried down the wind-swept streets, I vowed that Sidney Briscoe shall not die!"

Puyster cast the girl a look of astonishment. He saw her dark eyes flash like twin stars, and her face glowed with the spirit of the enthusiasm that animated her breast.

"Alice Wentworth, you cannot keep that vow," he said. "A girl cannot outwit Colonel Balfour. He is a man who can withstand the pleading tears of such eyes as yours. No! Go home, girl, and let military justice take its course."

"Go home and let him die!" cried Alice. "You do not know me! Colonel Puyster, I have listened to words of love from your lips. I admire the handsome, daring soldier that I see in you. Will you forsake me now? Must I tear your image from my heart because you refuse to succor one of my countrymen—to let me save him from an unrighteous doom?"

"Refuse to let you save him?" said the soldier, whose very temples had flushed under Alice's words and look. "Save him if you can!"

"And, failing, turn from you—a failing, brand you a man unfit to love! What would your brother officers say? Roger Puyster, you must help me!"

The colonel could not speak. He looked at the American girl with eyes full of bewilderment; but at last managed to find his tongue. "You would make a traitor of the colonel's chief of staff, Alice!"

"But in a good cause. You write like the commandant; therefore write me an order for Sidney Briscoe's release."

Puyster was thunderstruck; he started back,

and stared at the girl as though he believed her benefit of reason.

"I mean it!" and from beneath the folds of her shawl which she had not put aside, she drew a handsome English pistol—a present from the very man whom she now confronted.

"Alice Wentworth, this is outrageous!"

"Sir, it is a duty I owe to my country!" was the girl's reply. "My visit hither will never be known, and no one will suspect your action."

"But the act is unbecoming the soldier. You would have me commit the basest forgery of which a soldier can be guilty."

"Liberty will secure your pardon for the offense. I cannot wait. The night is creeping away. There are writing materials on the table. Write an order for the prisoner's deliverance to the person who shall carry the paper to the prison."

"And sign Balfour's name to the document?"

"Yes."

"What will you do if I refuse?"

"I will send a bullet into your bosom!"

Colonel Puyster saw the girl's lips close firmly behind the last word and came forward.

This was the beautiful girl to whom but a few weeks prior to the date of our story he had whispered words of love. But she had put him off, for she did not wish to incur the anger of any British officer in Charleston. Again and again the colonel had pressed his suit; but as often had Alice prevaricated in a manner which led him to believe that he would eventually win her.

What could he do when he found this same lovely girl standing before him with a pistol in her hand? He wavered between the commission of a high crime and—as he believed—the loss of her love; but he did not waver long.

"Do it, Roger Puyster!" she said, when he had reached the table. "We may not grace the commandant's ball next week."

He gave her a glance and a groan welled from his breast. It told of the loss of honor, and she watched him half pityingly while he wrote the following words:

"To the PRISON GUARDS:
"Please the bearer of this to Lieutenant Briscoe. The bearer is ordered to conduct the prisoner from the jail." Signed, BALFOUR."

"There!" said the colonel, handing the signed order to the girl who stood on the opposite side of the table. "For your pretty eyes, Alice Wentworth, for your love, a colonel of the king's army has plunged into the sea of crime. He has bartered his honor; he has placed his very neck in his hands—his love has long been yours."

"Not here!" she said. "Colonel Puyster, I did not come here to talk of love. I will not betray you. The secret of your deed is safe in my hands, and, believe me, when I say that it will never be divulged to those who would punish."

The pistol was lowered, and Alice Wentworth moved toward the door.

"No reward for my crime?" cried the officer, springing toward her. "Arnold received a commission for his treachery, Alice Wentworth, where is Roger Puyster's reward?"

She stopped, smiled, and put forth her hand, which he seized and covered with kisses.

A moment later she was gone, and the lofty officer sat at his table with his face buried in his hands.

The patriot girl hurried toward her home from which presently emerged a youthful-looking British officer. This person went in direction of the jail, and was admitted into the building when the guard had examined a brief order signed by the commandant.

The girl heard the announcement with compressed lips. An icy chill swept to her heart, and she hurried from the house. Past the old jail in whose gloom lay the condemned patriot, the brave girl darted like a specter. She frightened the guard who paced to and fro beneath the forbidding walls, and did not pause until she reached a well-to-do house half a mile from Balfour's headquarters.

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"What! beautiful Alice Wentworth?" cried the soldier, recognizing the girl. "Do be seated. It is so seldom that I receive angel visits at night that I am somewhat bewildered. It is not late; so you thought you would invade a British lion in his den."

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"Upon my word! How did you ever find time to come here, Ulster? The last man I expected to meet, and I'm glad of it."

Rothley's hearty handshake pointed his rathervague expression, and made it appear that he was glad of the meeting, not the disappointment of his expectations.

"Not when the two are one? I am only telling you the bitter truth. Gabrielle Malvern is that adventures."

A spasm crossed Guy's handsome, haggard face.

"Why do you tell me this?" he cried. "How can you know? By the truth what it may, I will not believe it. Say no more. Heaven help me, sooner than you should convince me I would make an end of it all down there."

"With a gesture he indicated the river where it ran broad and sparkling through the green fields below them. "I have thought of it before," he went on in a hard, desperate way; "when I knew I was making mother and Love miserable. I am not so blind but I know it is for Love's sake you take an interest in me, Ulster. I am not ungrateful, but mine is a hopeless case. I would stake my soul if it would win me Gabrielle."

"She doesn't want your soul, dear boy. Not

on the way. His mother and sister are here with him, which makes it worse."

"What is taking him?" asked Ulster, with more interest than two minutes before he would have imagined he possessed in fast Guy Merwin's career?

"That and something worse. Utter recklessness, and love for a woman who is ruining him with as little remorse as that sort of thing is ever done. The Merwin fortune isn't limitless, and what there is of it, what is not going in a constant stream to swell her father's winnings (he's a sharper at cards, and plays her off as a sort of decoy duck, I would say), is fast being swallowed up in lavish gifts to his Circé. The jewels she wears are fit for a queen. She has other devotees, but none quite so strongly infatuated as Guy. It makes me think of the Romaine affair. You remember his end?"

"Romaine? Shot himself, did he not?"

"Yes, and the woman who was at the bottom of that mischievous looked down at him wailing in his life's blood—he did the thing in sensational style in her presence—and said angrily, 'What a scandal! It will make me the talk of the town!'

"And Merwin's enchantress is as heartless?"

"You shall judge for yourself. I'll take you to see her to night. They give charming little dinners, with social games following, and the victims are selected with so much care that they never suspect; they are such until they find themselves fleeced. It is a responsibility, though. How am I, to know you will not fall under the spell of the siren?"

"Trust me," said Ulster, with a shrug.

"And sign Balfour's name to the document?"

"Yes."

"What will you do if I refuse?"

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I ALWAYS THINK OF YOU.

A Lover's Wondering.

BY JOE BOT, JR.

When fashions through all changes fit,
And one in style must ever be,
I wonder if she thinks of me!

When the sweet sun sinks to his bourn,
And sunset light is on the sea,
I wonder if she thinks of me!

When darkness falls, and lights are lit,
And sitting down to evening tea,
I wonder if she thinks of me!

When feet in merry measures go,
And fairy forms in dance move free,
I wonder if she thinks of me!

When morning, in the east far set,
Her dreamful eyes used to see,
And breakfast she used to get,
I wonder if she thinks of me!

When the long week is growing late,
And tells that Sabbath fair will be,
I wonder if she thinks of me!

When dark skies over nature frown,
And rain descended suddenly,
I wonder if she thinks of me!

When flatterers praise her face that glows
In gathering where I cannot be,
I wonder if she thinks of me!

When darkness falls, and lights are lit,
And sitting down to evening tea,
I wonder if she thinks of me!

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The Elizabeth and Jane.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

CAPTAIN ZEBULON TOWNSEND and his boy Ezra stood at the cabin-hatch of the Elizabeth and Jane, talking together. The mate, Johnson, was forward somewhere, and the cook was in the galley. The schooner lay at single anchor in Newport harbor, all loaded and ready for sea, except that she had not hands enough.

"Never saw white men so source sense I sailed in the old Resolution in thirty-four. I'm afeard we'll hev' to put up with some blarsted furiners or other, arter all," Captain Zeb was saying, when they were hailed by a passing boat with two men in it.

"Hallo, on board the schooner."

"What's wanted?" spoke up Captain Zeb, coming to the side.

"To-night, do you go to sea?"

"Wal, thet depends. Probably we do and probably we don't."

The speaker in the boat showed his teeth in a ghastly kind of a smile. He spoke very good English himself, but he was an Italian and the ambiguity of the captain's answer puzzled him. He said a few words to his companion, a man not as well dressed and less possessing generally than he was, who had been sculling the boat. Then he turned again.

"We heard you did want two more," holding up two fingers.

"Two more what?" questioned the skipper, obtrusively.

"Two more men."

"Ay, but you're not men; you're furriers."

Again the stranger showed his ghastly white teeth. As for the man in the stern, he scowled and still kept silent.

"D'y'e want to ship?" Captain Zeb at length asked, thinking that the breeze to northward wouldn't hold longer than night and he must get under weigh as soon as possible. "Wal, come aboard and we'll talk it over." So the spokesman of the two came over the side, while the other remained by the boat. The result of a short conference was that the two were engaged, and pulled ashore again at once for their traps. Less than an hour after this the Elizabeth and Jane got up her anchor and stood out past the fort; then Ezra eased her away and she glided out toward the open sea. At sunset Block Island lay directly astern. "Wal, Ezra," asked the Captain, at supper, "What do y'e make of the furriers? They seem willin' and handy." "Yes," said Ezra; "but for all that I don't think I quite like their looks. I should know them for a brace of second-hand pirates anywhere. It's well to keep an eye on 'em."

The two strangers had shipped under the names of Pietro Vanucci and Tontino Fabiano, Vanucci being he of the ghastly smile, and appearing rather the superior in manners and intelligence. Fabiano was a sullen, ill-conditioned sort of fellow, and only on the third day out gave signs of a disposition to make himself troublesome. It was just at noon; the captain and Ezra were in the cabin and only the mate and Fabiano on deck. The latter, receiving some order and going about its execution reluctantly and in an unmistakably insolent manner, Johnson struck him impatiently about the legs with a rope's end and he happened to have in his hand, turning away carelessly as he did it. But, quick as lightning, the Italian faced about, and seeing the mate's back to him, drew his sheath-knife and sprung toward him. Another instant and the blade would have done its work; but just then Dounce, the negro cook, came out of the galley with a coffee-pot in one hand and a plate of meat in the other. He took in the situation at a glance, dropped everything, and just as the would-be assassin sprang forward, he seized a heavy stick from the wood-pile and with a swinging blow felled him to the deck. They picked him up in a state of insensibility; but he was not severely hurt and before night was on deck again with his head bound up, sullenly going about his duty. The captain went forward and remonstrated with him a little and swore at him a good deal. Fabiano stood scowling fiercely and not answering a word; but his comrade excused him as best he could, saying that Tontino was very quick-tempered but really meant nothing, and so the master dropped.

Three days after this Ezra came down into the cabin where his father was busy over the log-book, and thrusting his hand into his bosom, pulled out a pair of revolvers. "See here, d'd," said he, "I've made a haul."

"Where'd them come from?" demanded Captain Zeb, picking up one of the weapons.

"From the chest supposed to be the common property of our friends from Italy." Then he went on to describe the process of capture. "You see, the smooth-tongued one, he was on the hatch fast asleep, and his illustrious compatriot was forward somewhere pegging away industriously at his usual job of doing nothing. So I just tipped Johnson the wink to send him up to see that main tops'l, while I ransacked the for'c'sle and f'und these. What put me up to it was seeing the two jabbering together rather suspiciously last night. I made up my mind that something was up. If we're not careful, it's my opinion we'll all wake up some morning with

our throats cut. I think we'd do well to put 'em both in irons, only we can't very well work the schooner without 'em."

But Captain Zeb didn't look at the matter in quite so sanguinary a light. He was an easy-going old salt and disposed to see the bright side of things. "I guess 'tain't quite so bad as that, Ezra," he answered. "I'm ready to b'lieve most anything of them darned furiners; but they're too cowardly by half to mutiny. Howsoever, we might jest as well keep these playthings for 'em."

The captain had occasion to change his mind about the danger of the situation before he was many days older. One starry night about ten o'clock—it was the mate's watch on deck with one of the Italians—Ezra suddenly awakened by a cry from his father, drew a revolver from beneath his pillow and leaped out of his berth. By the light of the cabin lamp he saw the two sailors, one armed with a knife the other with an axe, apparently about to make a second assault upon his father, who was sitting up in bed with a pistol in his hand and his face all covered with blood. Hardly stopping to take aim, the boy fired at one of the villains, who immediately cried out that he was shot, and dropping his knife, ran up the cabin stairs. The other, no other than Vanucci, uttered an oath at finding himself thus deserted, struck at Ezra with the axe, knocking him down and, as he found afterward, breaking his left arm, then followed his companion on deck, pulling the hatch to keep him and turning the key in the padlock.

Ezra arose at once and went to his father. He found him fallen back in his bunk and now insensible from the effects of a severe blow on the head. He had also been stabbed through the fleshy part of the arm. Ezra rubbed his hands and bathed his face, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing him feebly open his eyes. The old man was badly, but as far as Ezra could see not dangerously hurt. Then he turned his attention to his own injury. It was really a very serious one under the circumstances. With what aid his father could give him, however—and a sailor is always more or less of a surgeon—the arm was set and bandaged. Then through all the rest of the night Ezra kept watch there, all the while in terrible anxiety and pain. He knew nothing of how matters stood on deck or what had become of Johnson and the negro; he could only fear that the very worst had befallen them.

At daybreak Vanucci came to the companion-way and called to them, but however, unlocking it. Ezra grasped his revolvers, fully expecting an assault and determined to sell his life as dearly as possible; but it seemed the man only wanted to parley with his prisoners.

"The liquor—will you send it up? We want the liquor," he shouted.

"Come down and get it if you want it, you cowardly whelp," replied Ezra. At this there was a great deal of cursing and swearing above and a low spoken conference between the two Italians; and then Vanucci spoke again.

"We mean no harm to you—you and your father; but you are in our power. The mate and the cook, they are both dead quite; but you—we want you to navigate. If you will do that, you shall be landed safely."

"Very well, open the hatch and I'll come on deck."

"But the pistols—you must pass first them up."

"I'll see you hanged first," answered Ezra.

At this the Italian went away again. The situation of the prisoners was certainly not a very pleasant one. Captain Zeb was worse than helpless, and Ezra himself felt that with one arm broken he could hardly venture to make any attempt upon the mutineers. There were liquors and provisions enough in the cabin to enable them to sustain a siege of some length; and with all the firearms in his possession Ezra did not greatly fear an attack from them. As to their designs, he could form no satisfactory conclusion. If the weather held good—and at that season of the year and in that latitude the chances were that it would—the Italians might hope to manage the vessel; but, unless Vanucci was lying to him, as Ezra strongly suspected, and really understood navigation, they could not navigate her themselves. At any rate, the instruments and charts were all in the cabin. What was to be done? Sit there and wait until circumstances should free them? The idea did not suit Ezra at all. He was an enterprising youth and thought it would be a fine thing to recapture the schooner single-handed and turn the tables on the rascally Italians. If he could only get on deck in some way; but there stood one of them at the helm all the time, with an axe beside him, ready to snatch it up and brain him at any time, even could he succeed in breaking through the cabin hatch.

Just about this time, Ezra's cogitations were interrupted by Captain Zeb, calling faintly for water. Alas! here was a difficulty he had not thought of before. Except the half-painful still remaining on the table, they had not a drop of water in the cabin. All the water on board was either stowed away in the hold or was contained in a couple of casks on deck. And without water they must yield sooner or later. He himself might get along many days; but his father, hot and feverish from his wound, had it.

Ezra told his father how the matter stood, but the old man saw a way out of the difficulty at once.

"Are both the rascals on deck?" he inquired, feebly. Ezra listened, and the two sailors could be faintly heard talking together near the wheel. "All right," the captain went on. "Pull the table out, and you'll find the bulkhead behind it is fit up with bolts and a slide. You can easily crawl out forward and tap one of the water-casks. But you must be still about it, for the forehatch is off."

Ezra pulled back the table and easily removed the bulkhead as directed. Then, without saying anything of his design to his father, he put the revolvers in his pocket and noiselessly crawled through the opening. But he thought no more of the water. His object was of far greater importance just then—he had made up his mind to get on deck by the forehatch. Carefully he crept along over the cargo, having already taken the precaution to remove his shoes, and without difficulty he reached the hatch. Loaded as the vessel was, he could easily raise his head above the hatch and get sight of the deck. Before doing so, however, he stopped a moment and listened. He fancied he could still hear the hum of voices astern, and then a loud laugh from Vanucci assured him they were still by the wheel. Luckily the galley was directly between him and them. Then with great difficulty and not without many twinges of pain from his wounded arm he swung himself upon deck and crept stealthily toward the galley. The door was open, and he was able to get inside without being seen; there he paused to recover breath and

reflect upon his next step. Should he go aft, revolver in hand, and threaten to shoot the two men if they did not submit? This was the only plan he had formed, and yet it was not without danger. They might spring upon him; and even should he kill one of them, which very likely he would not do at a single shot, the other could easily overpower him, crippled as he was.

But while he was thus deliberating, suddenly he heard footsteps coming forward. He cocked his revolver and stood quite still in the darkest corner of his hiding-place. Perhaps the man was coming in there. If so, Ezra made up his mind that he should fall dead at the threshold. But no. Whichever of them it was, he walked straight by, whistling carelessly; and Ezra, peering out cautiously through a crack, was overjoyed to see Vanucci disappearing down the forecastle. Swiftly an silently he crept forward again, and planning the whole movement beforehand with his eye, he reached the forecastle undiscovered, and with a sudden jerk, pulled the fore-scuttle to its place, and quickly secured it.

It was now with great difficulty that the brave fellow refrained from shouting with joy at the improved condition of things. He gilded back to the galley and then, revolver in hand, started aft and appeared all at once before the unsuspecting helmsman. Had the ghost of one of the murdered men come over the side at that moment, Fabiano could scarcely have exhibited signs of greater fear. With white lips and quaking limbs, he fell upon his knees and begged that his life might be spared.

"Well, my friend," said Ezra, coolly, "we'll see about that presently. Just now you'll be kind enough to step into the main rigging and take up your position in the cross-trees. If you come down again before you're sent for, I'll let daylight through you in a dozen places. Come, up with you," and he gave the prostrate man a push with his foot. So Fabiano picked himself up, rather gratefully than otherwise, and took himself aloft. Ezra briefly shouted to his father what he had done, and then, all the while keeping his eyes on Fabiano, he went forward again, and by means of a rope round the windlass managed to drag an anchor along the deck and on top the forecastle.

This task performed the next thing was to dispose of the prisoner's comrade. He ordered him on deck once more and compelling him to lie down flat on his stomach amidships, he fastened a stout rope to the starboard main rigging and then "seized" it firmly to the wrists of the Italian, passing it along his back and making him keep his arms extended wide. This done, he took the other end of the rope and bidding the sailor rise, he drew it taut and made it fast to the port shrouds forward; and there was the valiant Fabian, with arms stretched to their widest extent, safely strung up on his toes like a dancing-Jack on a wire. Then Ezra felt so good that he stood there with his hands in his pockets and laughed till the tears ran; though even this indignity Fabiano did not appear to resent. His mood seemed to have changed wonderfully since the turn of affairs.

It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. The Italians had reduced the schooner's canvas to mainsail, fore sail and main-jib, and Ezra felt that as long as the weather remained fine he could easily run the vessel. Perhaps his father might help him some in the course of a few days. He went down into the cabin and to the old man's great delight related the full particulars of his exploit. When the story was finished, Captain Zeb solemnly said, "Ezra, you're a chip of the old block. I couldn't have managed the thing better if I'd been up and about myself. As for them scoundrels, consider their ugly pictures, soon's ever I git better we'll drum up the whole ship's company and hang 'em to the yard-arm—or maybe the jib-boom or fore-peak would do, seein' the Elizabeth and Jane ain't square-rigged."

The weather continued all that could be wished through the night. Ezra of course got no rest except by dozing occasionally over the wheel. At daybreak, to his great joy, there was a sail in sight. He ran his colors up to the mast-head union down and altered his course so as to intercept the stranger. Half an hour later the latter came about on the other tack, having evidently discovered his signal. The two vessels rapidly approached each other and at nine o'clock were within hailing distance. The strange brig proved to be the Gustavus of Stockholm. As the two vessels came up into the wind, after the usual exchange of names and destination, the following conference took place:

"Can you send us three or four hands?" cried Ezra. "Two of our crew have mutinied, killed the mate and cook and disabled the captain. I've got the rascal safe but I don't like to work the schooner alone."

"Will you acknowledge full claim for salvage if I send you a crew?"

Here came up Captain Zeb's voice from the cabin where he had been eagerly listening: "Tell him we'll see him in Tophet first."

"No sir-reel!" answered Ezra, in reply to the Swedish captain, "but we'll give you a good bonus and pay the men well."

"But you can't take your schooner in without help. It'll take a fortnight, and you'll see rough weather before that."

"We shan't be any worse off than before we saw you," answered Ezra, carelessly.

"Well, what will you give?"

"Give you three hundred dollars and pay the men double wages," and on these terms the men were sent on board.

With their assistance Vanucci was secured and both the mutineers put in irons. Fourteen days after the Elizabeth and Jane dropped her anchor off St. Bartholomew, and the prisoners were delivered up to a United States ship-of-war. Captain Zeb, who had by this time pretty nearly recovered, went at once to the consul and entered complaint against them. The cargo was disposed of, another of sugars taken in its place, and on the fifth of November the Elizabeth and Jane sailed for home again. Six months after, on the testimony of Captain Zeb and Ezra, the two Italians were condemned, and shortly after exonerated.

In a book called "Courtship, Love, and Matrimony," published 1660, there is this clause concerning privileges of women in leap year: "Albeit it is nowe become a part of the common lawe, in regard to social relations of life, that as often as every bissexitle year doth returne, the ladies have the sole privilege during the time it continueth of making love unto the men, which they doe, either by words or looks, as to them it seemeth prefer; and, moreover, no man will be entituled to the benefit of clergy who dothe in any wise treat her proposal with contumy."

If that was true then are we less civilized now? No, ladies! It is your special privilege to do the courting, this year, but we trust you'll exercise your rights mercifully.

WHERE OBERON DWELLS.

A Spring Ditty.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

"The land hath monsters, as the waters have:
And this is of them."—SHAKESPEARE.

I can tell you exactly where Oberon dwells,
With his magical power and his wonderful spells,

That makes ugliness beauty
And wickedness duty,

And jumble the hearts and the fancies of belles,
"Tis not here!" nor "there!"

And "fread" deare,
That nowhere in this city

Of pretty and witty,
Nor ways near to an uncertain square,

Does this fun-loving king of the fairies abide,
Who played such a whimsical trick on his bride

(O give me the crown of Night's Dream!).

In the head of the sweetest, most guileless of girls,
With brain full of notions, crown brilliant with

curls,

And a heart from which wells,
Through all its life-currents,

Emotions in torrents,

May be found the "location" where Oberon dwells.

Ever Titania,
Queen of the faeries,
In that play of contraries
(See Shakespeare—no more said—

The drama aforesaid—

Was seized with the mania

Of falling in love with the head of a donkey,

Did women sit each under a donkey's tail?